



COLLIER'S



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"Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward, we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice consent of tongue and heart to publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, Edward VII., by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward VII. with long and happy years to reign over us."



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MAKING A KING

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, A QUAIN, MEDIAEVAL CEREMONY TOOK PLACE, AT WHICH IT WAS PROCLAIMED TO THE PEOPLE OF LONDON, AND ENGLAND, THAT EDWARD VII. "IS BECOME KING OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA." THE PROCLAMATION WAS READ BY WILLIAM HENRY WELDON, NORROY KING OF ARMS SINCE 1894 AND FORMERLY WINDSOR HERALD, AND THE ACTORS IN THIS STRANGE SCENE, REPRESENTING THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, AN ALMOST UNKNOWN INSTITUTION, APPEARED LIKE WEIRD FORMS FROM SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN AGE



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The MARCH

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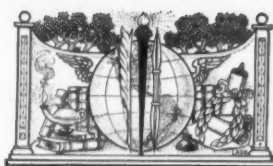
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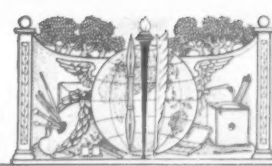


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The WEEK

CUBA HAS TAKEN THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE.

All our statesmen, and all the political leaders of the island, are in a state of active fermentation over the future of the little republic of the West Indies. Is it to acknowledge an American protectorate? If so, how and in what terms? The Cubans have always contended that they are perfectly willing to recognize the suzerainty of the United States. They have even gone so far, in private conversation, as to



ELIHU ROOT

admit that such a relationship is more to their advantage than to that of the United States. When asked what they will do if some European power swoops down upon them with guns bristling from mighty steel walls and demands instant payment of bonds or claims, under threat to take possession of custom-house or territory in the event of refusal, the average Cuban calmly lights another cigarette and says: "Uncle Sam will step in and take care of us; we look to him for protection. We shall not need a navy, because there are the great squadrons of our big friend of the north." But when asked to formulate this idea in their constitution or as an addendum thereto, as they were required to do by the call of the President which brought the Cuban constitutional convention into existence, the political leaders at Havana shrug their shoulders and say it is quite impossible. It appears that the Cubans are anxious to go it alone and enjoy their new toy of sovereignty, except when they get into trouble, and then they expect the American eagle to take them under its protecting wing like a mother hen with her wee chick. President McKinley, Secretary Root and the other Republican leaders at Washington are not content to have the Cuban republic launched upon the sea of nationhood in this happy-go-lucky fashion. They grant that it will be the duty of the United States for a long time to come to act as the protector of Cuba, to stand between Cuba and the remainder of the land-hungry world; this has been our historic policy, and recent events have brought that policy sharply to the front as a living question. But they want the United States to have a stipulated right to enter Cuba for Cuba's protection, to take ships and men thither in battle array, if need be, without violating international law or declaring war upon the little republic. Secretary Root, who has watched over the growth of the Cuban nation with all the care and studiousness of a savant hatching a new germ in his scientific laboratory, is firm of the opinion that before we withdraw our troops from Cuba we should have a stipulated right, a right made known to all the world for the world's guidance, to act as Cuba's international guardian. The trouble is to induce Congress to take this view of the matter, for in Congress there are many men of both parties who think the Teller resolution a sacred thing which absolutely ties our hands at this juncture and prevents us taking any such action as that which the Administration proposes.

THERE'S POLITICS IN CUBA AS WELL AS IN THE

United States. Our information from Havana is that the Cubans are already split into a half-dozen parties, and that the chances are unusually good for an early outbreak of trouble. The Spaniards, the foreigners, the wealthy planters, the commercial classes generally, insist upon an American



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ

protectorate and view with alarm the possibility of American withdrawal. They distrust Cuban rule. They look upon General Gomez, the ancient and weatherbeaten stormy petrel of Caribbean revolutions, as not much better than an adventurer. But they fear him as much as they distrust him. Havana advises of a trustworthy character are to the effect that prominent men there are actually afraid to express their views. There are members of the constitutional convention who have not dared to advocate close relations with the United States because of the fear that when the Gomez people get into power they may be made to suffer for their temerity. The truth is, as COLLIER'S is informed, the Administration at Washington has wanted the American Congress to declare a policy so that the friends of the United States in Cuba might be emboldened to speak out. General Gomez, who has expected to be the first President of Cuba, is known to be anti-American in his sentiments. He wants to be the Bolivar of the Antilles, and resents the suggestion that the

Washington Government shall hold a check upon his ambition. Whatever else General Gomez may be, there can be no doubt of his craftiness. His reply to agents of the American Government who urged him to consent to a formulation of the relations which are to exist between the two countries, and to state those terms in the constitution or as an addendum thereto, was adroit enough. "It is impossible," he said; "why ask us to do the impossible? How can we make a treaty when we have no government? Wait till our President and Congress are elected and installed, and then we shall be glad to make a treaty with you through the usual forms." But the Administration at Washington is evidently unwilling to trust to promises as to the future and inclined to insist upon present performance. Thus the Cuban problem shows itself so full of intricacy and perplexity that it is not surprising our public men are sore puzzled to know what to do with it.

CONSPICUOUS IN THE PUBLIC EYE IS THE

Supreme Court of the United States. Rarely has such great popular interest been shown in a decision of this tribunal as that which is now evinced in the insular test cases. The people appear to be fully aware of the scope and importance of this judgment. It is not so much the future of our territorial dependencies that is involved as it is the future of the United States. Regardless of the decision of the Court, no one believes that in this century at least the Philippines will be admitted to full political power within the American Republic. If the United States hold them at all it will have to be as an autonomous dependency, virtually a self-governing colony. It is for the Supreme Court to say whether or not the



CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER

United States have the power to hold such a colony. The government, through Attorney-General Griggs, made out a pretty strong case in favor of the proposition that we have the power and that without it ours would be a nation of powers so limited as to leave it unable to fulfill the intentions of the founders, who announced in the Declaration of Independence their purpose to establish a nation which should "have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." According to the government theory, if the United States must incorporate all the territory which they acquire by conquest or treaty, and we must thereby extend the national boundaries as an incident of war whether we wish to do so or not, and perhaps in great derogation of our interests, ours is an ill-organized nation, unfit to take its place among the full-powered and really sovereign nations of the earth. The answer of the opposition is that all this may be true, but that we have to take the Constitution as we find it, and that if it is not what it should be we have the remedy in our hands in the machinery which the Constitution itself provides for its amendment; that it is better to amend than to override. At any rate, it is high time the American people were finding out how broad or how narrow the powers of their government are; and it is only natural there should be profound interest in the decision which the Supreme Court may hand down during the coming week. It is worthy of comment that at Washington, where the views of Chief-Justice Fuller and the eight Associate Justices are much gossiped about, the opinion is gaining ground that the Court will decide in favor of the government.

THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBUNAL IN THE WORLD,

without doubt, is our Supreme Court. This is the judgment not alone of Americans, who might be charged with partiality to their own institutions, but of distinguished foreigners like Professor Bryce. More than once in its career has the Court dared to so rule as to limit the power of the Executive or of the Congress, the purely political branches of our government. Though the Court is appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and though it has not the authority to name its own officers, these being chosen by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, all Americans feel that their Supreme Court is a truly independent body, rising superior to political and all other considerations beyond the great duty of interpreting the Constitution. Popular confidence in this body was never greater than at the present moment, and the recent attempt to make it appear that the President had endeavored to influence the Court in making certain appointments was properly frowned upon by public opinion. Many lawyers



JUSTICE GRAY

think the Court will evade direct responsibility in the colonial test cases by declaring that it is a political question with which the Court has nothing to do. But this view is not entertained by those who remember how eager the Court has been throughout its history to impress itself upon the formation and course of the nation, and how this has become one of the sacred traditions of the Bench. There is an impression at Washington that Justice Gray is writing the opinion in the insular case. He is in many respects the leader of the Court, a giant in intellect as well as in body, and a profound student of such broad constitutional questions as those involved in this case.

MARK HANNA HAS BEEN HAVING THE FIGHT OF

his life at Washington. The struggle over his shipping subsidy bill was easily the most interesting feature of the winter's session at the capital, and one of the fiercest known in our recent legislative history. Having never tasted the bitterness of defeat the Senator from Ohio was unable to know when he was whipped; so he fought on and on, even after his best friends told him he was beaten. Most of his Republican colleagues were secretly opposed to his measure, and many of them had a way of slipping over to the Democratic side of the chamber and encouraging their friends there to keep up the fight. Indeed, it is said that not more than half a dozen Republican Senators were sincere in their advocacy of the bill. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Hanna, with all his power, should have found it impossible to make headway. The wonder is that he was able to keep up the struggle as long as he did. It will be remembered that at the beginning of this session of Congress the Washington correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY pointed out that the subsidy bill was likely to be smothered, and derided the very tactics which the opposition have so successfully used against it. There is some astonishment throughout the country that Mr. Hanna, who had just re-elected a President of the United States, and thus secured a firm seat in the party saddle for four more years, should have been unable to carry through a scheme to which his party was generally committed and in which his heart was interested. The result goes to show the power of public opinion in this country, for it must be admitted that public opinion and the voice of the press were inimical to this measure. The result also shows that the United States is a most peculiar body; it has a quality of independence which is more likely to be strikingly demonstrated immediately after a Presidential campaign than at any other moment—at a time when the plum trees give few signs of bearing fruit because the new President is the old one in for a second term, and when about half the members of the Senate are looking forward to the next campaign with no little introspection and wonderment that the country has not ere this pointed to them as the chosen of 1904.



MARCUS A. HANNA

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE PRICKED UP THEIR EARS

when the press announced to them that Senator Beveridge of Indiana might be a candidate for the Presidency four years hence, and that he was already receiving pledges of support from admirers in various parts of the Union. There is just a little uncertainty in the public mind as to how Mr. Beveridge should be taken, whether altogether seriously or otherwise. That he is a brilliant public speaker there can be no question; he is in great demand as an after-dinner talker, and generally acquits himself well. Nor is there any doubt that he is a man of brains, thought and courage, for he has from first to last been the doughty and outspoken champion of the twentieth century doctrine of the divine right and sacred duty of the superior peoples of the earth to hold all the other peoples in trust for their development and uplifting. It was Mr. Beveridge who journeyed to the far Philippines and on his return declared we should never get out of those lovely, rich and gold-bearing isles. It was Mr. Beveridge who startled the country with the announcement that we should never pull down the flag in Cuba, though at that time no one supposed we were going to do anything else than to adhere strictly to the letter and the spirit of the pledge which Congress had given. Evidently Mr. Beveridge is a young man well abreast, if not a little ahead, of his times, but in these days of bewilderingly rapid march of events he may soon be found riding on the very crest of the wave, right side up. Who can say that the prophet of to-day is not to be the leader of to-morrow?



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



DRAWN BY MAX CORFIER

"HER MAJESTY IS NO MORE"

THE SAD AND IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE DEATH CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, AT THE MOMENT WHEN HER MAJESTY PASSED AWAY, SURROUNDED BY HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN



DEFENDING THE NICARAGUA CANAL

By LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, R.C.S.



operations both on the north and south sides of Cuba. Lieutenant Carden is at present in charge of the forthcoming collective-commercial Ordnance display at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. His assignment to this duty was made by the Government at the special request of the Pan-American Exposition authorities.

THE PROBLEM of how best to defend the Nicaragua Canal is one that has received the attention of military engineers from the very inception of the canal scheme, and although the consideration of the subject has, by reason of legislative progress, been confined so far within the speculative phase, enough study has been expended to evolve a fair estimate of what a defence of the canal would imply.

Assuming that the United States reserve the right to defend the canal, two methods of guarding the approaches are available—(1) the mobile, as represented by fleets lying off the entrances; (2) the fixed, as indicated by permanent fortifications. In one instance we have a force which may or may not be counted upon to be always on hand, and which, by very reason of its possessing mobility, may offer, at some time, the opening which a resourceful enemy will embrace to gain a shore footing.

With the canal entrance in his possession, a naval commander would probably be warranted stripping his ship of every gun on board on the general principle that one gun on shore is the equal of five afloat.

IN THE EVENT OF WAR

Let us assume ourselves at war with one or more of the great powers. Have we enough ships to permit of organizing a defence fleet for each entrance of the canal and still permit of fleets for coast defence, flying squadrons, etc.? If not, then we must abandon the idea of permanent squadrons at the canal entrances or else seriously curtail the powers of the main fleet. Nothing could be simpler than for a strong power to ascertain definitely the strength of the squadron on guard off the canal, organize a force that would ensure its destruction, hold our main fleet in check by the manoeuvres of a second force, and by more detail work crush the canal guard.

To defend the canal by ships is to directly favor an opposing fleet; for, generally speaking, naval men ask for nothing better than to be given ships to fight. In the objective afforded by the defending ships one finds something tangible to engage—something, in other words, that can be reached and destroyed, or the very opposite to what holds good if fortifications with well-protected gun crews are to be attacked; for, provided the shore crews are protected, experience teaches that works cannot be silenced except by scoring direct hits either on guns or mounts.

Let us suppose that all the ships of the American navy were congregated at the eastern entrance to the Nicaragua Canal, how long would they be kept there if a descent by a strong force of the enemy was threatened on some section of the New England coast? And if the enemy was threatening us at half a dozen different points of our coast, simultaneously, how long does the reader imagine we would be willing to let some of our best ships lie idle off the canal doing guard duty? Our ships for the most part are powerfully engined and powerfully gunned. They are designed to follow up, search out and destroy an enemy—not lie supinely by awaiting the approach of a fleet which will never attack unless it be stronger. And once the guard force off the canal entrance is withdrawn (it may be dictated by the best of military reasons), no matter what the cause may be that effects it, and the opening is presented for a naval commander with three or four ships hard by in the Caribbean Sea to jump in,

beach his guns, sink his ships for all they are now worth, and the canal is his. If he can afford protection for his gunners he can defy any fleet to clear him out before a strong supporting force has reinforced him with men and guns. If any one has any doubt on this point let him consider the attack of the British fleet on Alexandria or the various actions of our own fleet in 1898 with Spanish shore works.

The point which it is endeavored to emphasize in the foregoing is, in effect, that any defence of a mobile character is merely tentative, and that if we propose to hold the canal against all comers we must guard its entrances with works which shall be as permanent as the locks themselves. Anything short of fixed defences is unreliable, uncertain and therefore unwarranted.

In advancing the above opinions the writer begs to observe that he does so wholly from the engineering standpoint and that his views must not be taken as bearing on any general policy. The question is one of mobile vs. fixed defences, and the reasoning advanced applies with equal force to any important channel-way which it may be deemed desirable to control in time of war. The custodian of funds sleeps easier with the knowledge that the door to the safe in which the valuables are stored is in the keeping of a time lock. The lock does not prevent the door being opened and business carried on during business hours, but it does effectually prevent entry to the safe when business hours are over. The main reason why the time lock can be counted upon is because it is an essential part of the safe system and it cannot be reached without destroying the safe. On the other hand, one may place in front of an open vault the most trustworthy of watchmen, but the very fact that he possesses legs and is able to walk away renders him not absolutely certain. He may hear a cry of murder! or a call of fire!—something that impels him for the instant to leave his post; or, again, he may be overpowered by three or four men before he has time to receive assistance. In any event, it is the fact that the watchman can walk away, can leave his post, and can be overpowered that renders his watch over the valuables not an absolutely certain and reliable one.

SHORE DEFENCES WITH RAPID-FIRE GUNS

When one considers the enormous expense of maintaining a fleet, or even a half-dozen strong ships, as compared with the maintenance of a few well-placed and well-protected shore guns, it seems astonishing that there should be any doubt as to the course to pursue. If we are to take the opinions of some of the best engineers of Europe and follow the practice that is being largely followed on the Continent, we should say that a few 12-inch rapid-fire guns (the rapid-fire system has been applied in Germany to 12-inch guns), inclosed in Gruson turrets, supplemented by a few small-calibre rapid-fire guns for the defence of the mine fields, would hold the canal against any fleet that might be sent against it.

On the assumption that a shore defence is by reason of policy permissible, the problem predicates that the fortifications must be able to repel any fleet attack—or, in other words, the offensive powers of the defence must be greater than the attacking strength of any naval force likely to be engaged. In addition, the canal throughout its entire length must be afforded immunity from attack by troops which the enemy may be enabled to land on the coast at points to the northward or southward of the canal system.

Generally speaking, the consideration of the defence of any point or stretch of coast is largely a geographical one, and is based mainly on an estimate of the distance from a probable enemy's base. If the distance be great, certain limitations materially affect the defence that is necessary. Naturally, the question of economy has to be met, and because of economical reasons the minimum number of guns is generally cut down. But when we learn that a fleet should constitute the guard element, it would seem as if all consideration of economy had been cast aside. Two 12-inch guns in a Gruson turret will cost about one-half of the first cost of a third-class cruiser, and to say nothing of the ability of a brace of 12-inch Gruson-turreted guns to stand off a fleet, the shore turret with its crew of some twenty-five men costs practically nothing to maintain as compared with the bills of the ships for fuel, repairs, etc. It is a matter of record that the cost of maintenance on some of our vessels, even in peace time, has been as high as one thousand dollars per day per ship.

In placing shore batteries for the defence of an entrance, the engineer first studies the character and nature of the ground lying closest to the channel approaches, and he also closely notes the trend of the channel itself. Nowadays, the tendency on the part of engineers seems to be toward detached works placed at considerable distance apart and concealed as much as possible from the view of the enemy. The main point is to prevent the enemy reaching the object defended by the guns, for once the enemy pierces to the object that is protected the usefulness of the fortification ceases. On this theory it has been reasoned that if a fleet could have pushed by Fort Sumter during the War of the Rebellion, and have reached Charleston, this fact in itself would have caused not only the position to be untenable, but its usefulness would have ceased the very moment Charleston was reached.

Having determined the number and character of guns necessary to hold a given place the engineer is next con-

cerned with the question of mounting these pieces. Under the provisions of the new law governing the army, the artillery officers select the type of guns and mounts to be employed, but in the actual erection of works the engineer has control. Until lately, the general policy in the United States has been to employ disappearing guns, supplemented by mortar batteries, but recent Congressional action would seem to indicate that the construction of further mortar batteries is decidedly doubtful, and there also seems to be some doubt as to the future of the disappearing gun.

Every port calls for its own peculiar defence; as, for example, San Francisco demands a form of protection differing from what is required at New York. In the one instance we find a city lying comparatively close to the sea, with high hills surrounding the port entrance, and in the other case a low sandy beach bordering the channel entrance with the city lying inland at a distance of some twenty miles from the bar.

THE COUNTRY OF THE CANAL

Looking at the physical conditions of the Nicaragua Canal, one finds in the vicinity of Greytown (the eastern entrance) a low marshy country stretching far out toward the sea and finally losing itself among the innumerable sand bars of the coast. In order to reach the town from seaward, recourse is had to a pier fully twelve hundred feet in length, which bridges the shallow water lying immediately in its front. Back of the town is a tangled, thick swamp, admirably adapted to protect the shore defences from rear and flank attack. Through this swamp the canal is destined to run until it reaches the San Juan River at a point eighteen miles back of Greytown.

Emerging from Lake Nicaragua, the country to the westward is rolling and open, and between the lake and the sea-coast the distance is only twelve miles. This rolling country continues throughout the twelve miles' stretch and in general appearance presents an almost park-like aspect. Here on this plateau the thermometer never registers less than sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit and rarely more than ninety degrees. It is a most healthy section, and by reason of being constantly under the cooling influences of the northeast trade-winds the region is a delightful one to live in.

The Pacific Coast entrance to the Nicaragua Canal is at the town of Brito, and the port of Brito, we find, is backed by bluffs of considerable height. The harbor is small, and before it can be utilized in connection with the canal project considerable dredging must be carried on. The port, however, can be approached to within gun range by warships of heavy tonnage.

TORPEDOES AND BIG GUNS

To defend the canal entrances guns of sufficient calibre must be mounted to offset the fighting efficiency of the most powerful ships that can be brought against the works. As the canal will have a depth capable of floating the largest vessels, such ships, if the channels have been cleared of torpedoes by countermining or otherwise, may be brought within close range. At any rate, water of sufficient depth will exist to float them, and, aside from the fire of the shore guns, nothing will prevent them from taking up whatsoever position they choose.

The heaviest gun which will hereafter be mounted on any ship of the United States navy will be the 12-inch rifle, throwing an eight-hundred-and-fifty-pound shell. As this gun is deemed sufficiently powerful to attack the heaviest armorplate forged to-day, it is safe to say that the Nicaragua batteries will not contain guns of larger calibre. The army 12-inch rifle throws a projectile weighing one thousand and fifty pounds, or two hundred pounds heavier than the navy 12-inch. It may be said, in passing, that the guns in the United States sea-coast defences employ heavier shells than corresponding calibres in the navy. In the navy guns high velocities and corresponding flatter trajectories have been the main consideration, and these results have been secured through a sacrifice in shell weight. With the introduction of smokeless powder and the high velocities afforded, it is possible that a tendency to increase the weight of the navy shells of the United States will before long make itself manifest.

While the United States have largely employed until now disappearing guns and mortar batteries for sea-coast defence, it is interesting to note the different types of fortifications adopted by the great European powers. Many of these types, however, are quite antiquated. In Europe, the heaviest English guns mounted in sea-coast defences, the 100-ton rifle muzzle-loaders at Gibraltar and Malta, are in barbets, fire over a high parapet and have a complete system of under-cover loading so that the gun alone is exposed to direct fire.

The French mount the great majority of their sea-coast guns *en barbette*.

The Klug's Bastion, Gibraltar, and Silema Fort, Malta, are protected by curved-front shielded casemates.

Tiers of guns protected by iron clad fronts are found in the English fortifications at Horse Sand and Norman's Land, Spithead; and a one-tier system, similarly protected, at Spitbank, Plymouth and Portland Breakwater forts, and also at Fort Cunningham, Bermuda.

Gruson batteries are found at Langhitjensend, and in the German defences on the Baltic and North Sea.



THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

1. The Queen lying in state in the Chapelle Ardente at Osborne. 2. The Royal Coffin, borne by Grenadiers, entering St. George's Chapel, Windsor. 3. This is the only Photograph taken showing the Start of the Funeral Procession inside the Grounds of Osborne House. 4. The Cortege at Hyde Park passing the Duke of Wellington's Statue. 5. The King, Kaiser, and Duke of Connaught entering Hyde Park. St. George's Hospital on right



THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

1. At Cowes—The Funeral Procession filing down York Avenue to the Wharf, the King is seen behind the Hearse. 2. A very successful Picture of the Hearse itself. 3. King Edward VII., Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Czarevitch and the Crown Prince of Prussia following the Hearse



THE SPANISH ROYAL WEDDING AT MADRID

PRINCESS OF THE
ASTURIAS
INFANTA OF SPAIN
AND
PRINCE CHARLES
OF BOURBON



THE CONTRACTING PARTIES OF THIS ROYAL MARRIAGE are both of Bourbon kindred. Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias and Infanta of Spain, is the oldest daughter of Alfonso XII., and consequently a sister of the present King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. She was born at Madrid, September 11, 1880. Her mother, Maria Christina, of the royal house of Austria, is Queen-Regent of Spain during the minority of Alfonso XIII. Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily was born at Gries, in the Tyrol, November 10, 1870. He is the second son of Alfonso, Prince of Bourbon-Sicily and Count of Caserta, the head of the Two Sicilies (*i. e.*, Naples and Sicily) branch of the widely ramified Bourbon family. The bridegroom's mother, Princess Antoinette, belongs to the same branch of the Bourbons as his father. Opposition to the match arises from the fact that the bridegroom's father was an important officer of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, in that Prince's armed revolt against the established dynasty, in 1873. The Count of Caserta lives at Cannes, but Prince Charles is a resident of Madrid and a captain on the general staff of the Spanish army.

DEFENDING THE NICARAGUA CANAL

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

Turret batteries exist at Dover, England, and at Fort Milford at Kronstadt.

The Gruson turret is used at various points by the Germans, and in the defenses of Holland, and at Spezzia and Taranto, Italy.

Batteries protected only by shields, the guns standing out in the open, are found in the English defenses at Gibraltar and in the New Tavern Fort.

Open batteries with earth embrasures are employed in England at South Hook and Milford Haven, and in the defenses at Alessandria. Batteries of this type were constructed by the Egyptians at Alessandria in all their works except the Mekis Fort.

Barbette batteries exist at Stone Cutters Island, England, Hong Kong and at Gibraltar.

Disappearing guns have been incorporated in a number of batteries constructed in England and Australia; and the works at Esquimaux, B. C., mount disappearing guns.

The advantages and disadvantages of the various types are purely technical, but, generally speaking, all forms of coast guns' protection rank below the Gruson turret. Aside from the actual experience gained in the Spanish-American War, we have the record of a very interesting and useful series of experiments conducted shortly before the breaking out of the Spanish-American War by the French Government, against especially erected fortifications on the "Ile de Levant," in accordance with an agreement arrived at between the Navy and War Departments.

SOME INTERESTING FRENCH EXPERIMENTS WITH FORTIFICATIONS

Two French warships—the *Amiral Duperre* and *Sfax*—carried out the firing series, during which the course, the speed, the end to be attempted and the nature of the firing were changed, each series occupying about three-quarters of an hour. The experiments extended over a period of six hours, and more than one thousand shots were fired from guns of 13.3 inches, 6.2 inches and 3.9 inches. A number of shells were fired which contained for the explosive charge melinite. As it was necessary to examine the fortifications after each series, the firing spread over a period of three days.

The shore works were built after the most approved manner, and consisted of two batteries, containing not only models of guns, but dummy gunners and accessories. Each battery carried the representation of eight guns, four heavy pieces and four of medium calibre. One of the batteries had a height above the water of sixty-five feet, the other, crowning the crest of the island, had a command of more than three hundred feet.

The result of the firing was little or no damage to the works themselves, both from shells filled with melinite and those filled with black powder. More than half the dummy gunners were hit, and about one-quarter of the guns were dismounted or more or less damaged. The melinite shells, it was found, would have been particularly deadly to the personnel. Some fragments were found at more than one thou-

sand yards from the batteries, proving the enormous initial velocity produced by the explosion.

The French authorities in summing up their findings called attention to the advantage forts possessed in being able to draw on a practically unlimited supply of men and ammunition, and that the defence could continue so long as the work was tenable and a gun remained fit to fire.

To dismount a few guns and disable a few gunners it was estimated that the *Amiral Duperre* and the *Sfax* found it necessary to fire thirty-nine tons' weight of projectiles. This indicates in some measure the disadvantage ships labor under when contending with well-constructed shore works. If, on the other hand, the sixteen guns which served as a target had replied to the fire of the two French warships it is fair to presume that they would have sustained some damage.

The experience gained by the French authorities was largely borne out by firing tests conducted by the English navy and army authorities early in the past decade at Portland. A 10-inch breechloading gun dummy working up and down in a pit was fired at by H.M.S. *Hercules*. According to arrangement the dummy was to be visible for one-half minute in every three minutes, and a small charge of powder was fired electrically at the moment of disappearance to represent the discharge of the gun.

Ranges varying from seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred and fifty yards were employed, and in ten minutes' time six thousand nine hundred and ten rounds were fired from 1-inch and rifle calibre machine-guns and twenty-nine rounds from 6-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns.

Owing to an accident to the whip operating the dummy, the gun remained in view fully three minutes after the seventh minute. Notwithstanding that the dummy was exposed four times as long as a real gun would have been, it received only sixteen direct and nine splinter hits.

In European military circles the consensus of opinion to-day seems to favor the mounting of sea-coast guns the *en barbette* system in general, and for advanced positions which are greatly exposed, Gruson turrets. It is now pretty generally recognized that in all ordinary cases no form of mounting should be adopted for coast batteries which cannot be worked by hand. The *en barbette* system recommends itself because of its cheapness and because the guns can be rendered inconspicuous. Armored positions, as in the case of iron-riveted fronts, do not appeal to engineers as strongly now as formerly. To rim or steel-face a fort, it is asserted, is to favor the attack, since the same guns and projectiles which the ship must carry in view of a naval action are best suited for dealing with just this type of shore works.

So long as a gun does not occupy a forward position, and is inconspicuously placed, it is counted to-day to have received nearly the full measure of protection. Without going into detail, it seems to be recognized that the entrances at both the east and west ends of the Nicaragua Canal can be securely held by a couple of Gruson turrets and a few guns mounted *en barbette*, supplemented by an effective torpedo defence.

"POLICING" THE CANAL AND LAND ATTACKS

For the policing of the canal throughout its length the work would naturally devolve on gun vessels, handy craft mounting effective rapid-fire batteries and capable of being used on the coasts if need be.

The guarding of the canal against land attack will devolve on a land force, and an estimate of this work calls for a bri-

gade of infantry, a few squadrons of cavalry and two or three light batteries. The location where this force should establish itself is recognized as a point or points on the high ground lying between Lake Nicaragua and Brito. The sea-coast works will be expected to maintain garrisons at all times, but for climatic reasons there will necessarily have to be frequent shifts, the details coming from the main force positioned on the high ground in the interior.

The only interior approach to the canal is over trails leading up from Costa Rica, along the San Carlos River, and over a rough and mountainous country. Small parties of troops can effectually hold possession of these trail approaches, and thereby prevent interference with the canal in that section. The swamp country back of Greytown swarms with poisonous reptiles and insects, and its foliage is so dense that only the smallest of forces could hope to work its way through. Added to the natural difficulties of the terrain is the heavy fall of rain, amounting on the average to twenty-five feet per annum.

The coast-defence guns of the United States are manufactured wholly within this country. The heavy forgings are supplied by private plants, and not a few of the guns installed have been turned out complete from private shops, but generally speaking the War Department assembles the guns at the Watervliet arsenal, located near Troy, N. Y. The carriages are largely made at the Watertown arsenal.

The type guns employed in the United States coast batteries embrace breechloading high-power rifles of the following calibres: 12-inch, 10-inch, 8-inch, 6-inch, and 5-inch. In addition there are quick-firing guns of 6-inch and 4.7-inch calibre, being mostly pieces purchased in England just prior to the breaking out of the war in 1898.

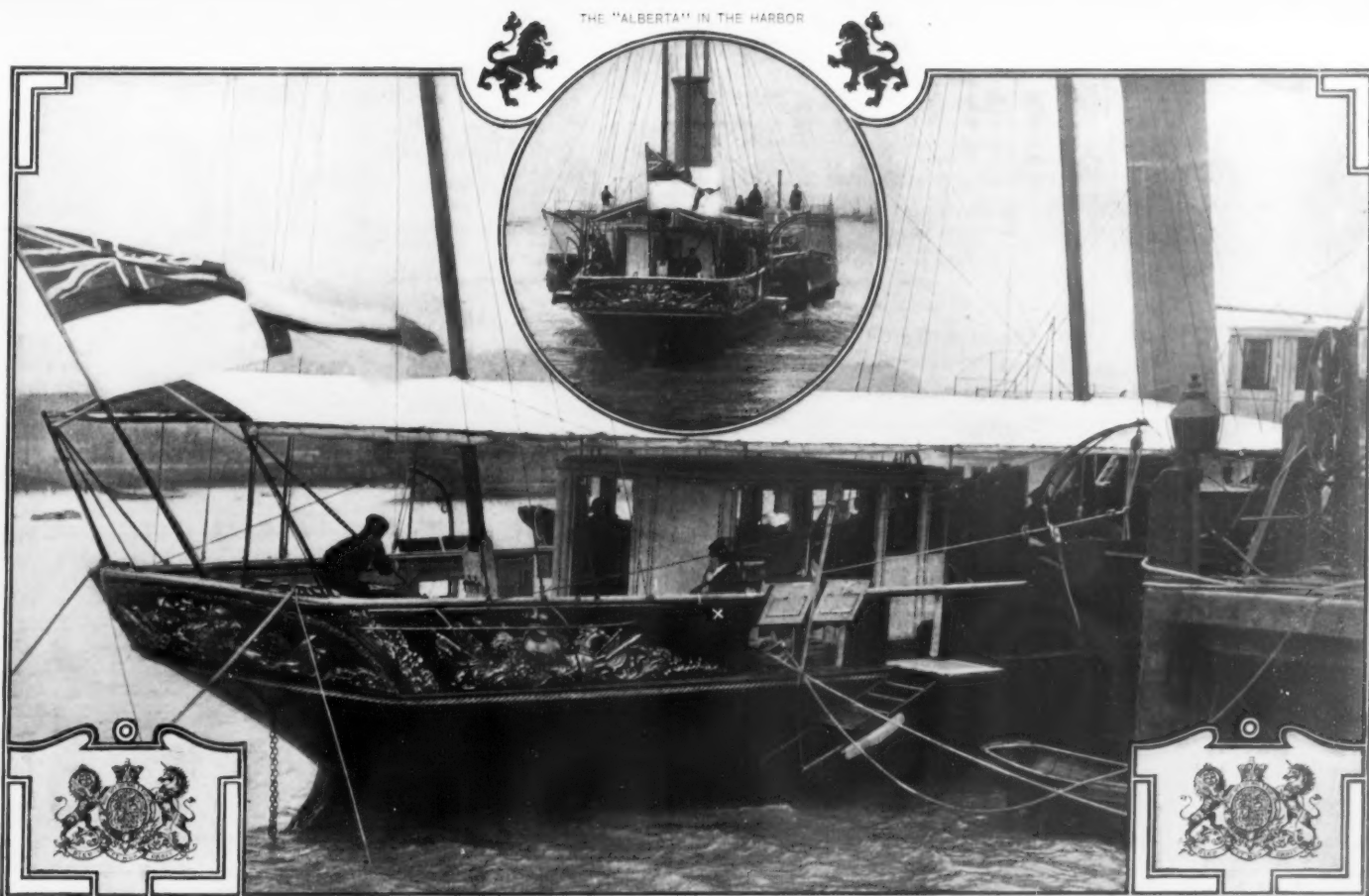
THE MOST POWERFUL GUN IN THE WORLD IS OURS

A 16-inch gun having a weight of one hundred and twenty-six tons and which will not only be the heaviest gun ever built, the largest gun ever built, but the most powerful gun ever constructed, is now nearing completion at the Watervliet arsenal. This gun, however, is the only one of the class that has been authorized for this country.

For the defence of the mine fields against countermining efforts, and as a defence against the attack of landing parties, rapid-fire guns of the 15-pounder and 6-pounder types are employed. The 6-pounder guns mounted on a specially designed parapet-mount carriage admit of being fired over parapets, or of being dragged rapidly about as for a concentration against an assaulting force. Machine guns also play an important part in the defence of breaches, but they properly belong to the supports for infantry forces.

Assuming that the Nicaragua Canal is to be guarded by defensive works, the only standard is one approaching close to impregnability. The works guarding the approaches to St. Petersburg by way of Kronstadt represent the Russian idea of a defended waterway. The Russian works comprise guns in turrets and in earthworks, all supplemented by a very elaborate and skillfully planned torpedo defence.

No such expensive defence is demanded for the Nicaragua Canal, for the reason that the main power of the defence is concentrated at the entrance, and so long as a couple of Gruson turrets are employed it will be simply impossible for an attacking force to destroy the protection with artillery fire. The gun is not carried aloft to-day that can breach a Gruson turret.



THE QUEEN'S LAST TRIP IN LIFE ON THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA."—The old royal yacht "Alberta," on which the body of Queen Victoria was recently borne down a twenty-mile lane of British warships, has long been a feature in imperial pageants. The illustrations above show the Queen (indicated by X) on the "Alberta" on her last visit to Osborne. This historic last journey was made on December 18, 1900, and was undertaken on the advice of the royal physicians, who thought a quiet sojourn in the Isle of Wight would restore the nervous system of the Queen, shattered by the disasters and humiliations of the South African War. Although the finest and most magnificent vessels of the world were at the Queen's disposal, she chose the quaint old yacht to travel in. It was endeared to her, of course, by many associations, and its name commemorates the Prince Consort, for whose death the Queen had never ceased to mourn. The "Alberta" is an old-fashioned side-wheeler, but is steady-going and safe. She will now, probably, be treasured as a priceless relic, along with Nelson's flagship, the "Victory"

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN

By JULIAN RALPH

Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in London

IF THE three or four eminent men in direct succession to our Presidency were all taken off, together with the President, at the same moment (which may God forbid), I fancy there would be a colossal sale of newspapers, but the government would go along without a perceptible jolt, because we are a young and resourceful people whose ways of life and forms of procedure are not overgrown with the barnacles of precedent or dependent upon the idiosyncrasies of tradition. Here it is very different. When the Good Queen died there had not been an occurrence of the kind in more than half a century. Everybody lost his head, and things were at sixes and sevens. It was not because there was a single man in authority who did not know what to do, but because nobody knew how to do it. When William the Fourth died the press was unconsidered and inefficient, and it did no better in the way of detailed description of the formula observed on that occasion than the official chroniclers, and those gentlemen were content to write loosely to the effect that the proper authorities did this in a proper manner, that the other thing was done becomingly or "in the manner prescribed by ancient custom." The Kaiser was in practical command, as the man of most exalted rank and widest experience then at Osborne, but he was wholly ignorant of English rites and formulas on such occasions. The present King, Balfour, who represented Salisbury, the Earl of Clarendon, who, as Lord Chamberlain, was a chief functionary—none of them knew what to do or how to do it in the time-hallowed way.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A QUEEN DIES

What was to be done was to get the Good Queen out of the headship of the government and the new King into it, but only the most foggy notions of how it was managed in previous cases prevailed either at Osborne or at London. There was, it seems, a very human expression of grief uppermost at the time, for the Good Queen had been very truly beloved, and the Princesses especially gave way to lamentation when the old lady had breathed her last. This did not facilitate the work of calmly thinking out or reasoning up what ought to be done, what should be said to the representative of the popular government who was to assure himself that Victoria had passed away, or what he was to do or say or write—how the people were to be notified and who was to give the notice or to whom it was to be given. Then there was to be a proclamation by the new sovereign, an order for general, official and military mourning, and all the rest. No one knew what to do. You would have thought that no monarch of England had ever died before. At last the royalties and national officials got through with their task—with what misgivings and later discoveries of slight mistakes you may imagine. And then the confusion passed on to the famous old "City," which always ranks next to the Crown in matters affecting either Crown or people—only in a formal and empty way now, echoing the great importance the merchants once

actually enjoyed in the days when they loaned money to kings and could bring about or prevent war, or even, as in the case of Richard III., could back a prince in taking the throne.

When a sovereign dies the "City" has to be first notified by written word. Then it has to be visited by the heralds and other officers in gorgeous medieval raiment, who come to proclaim the new monarch. Finally, it used to have to put the signatures of its Lord Mayor or its sheriffs or its aldermen, or all of them together—who knows to-day?—upon a witnessing of the accession of the new-come to the throne. I ask "who knows?" and well I may. None of the great moguls of the City did know, and though the City employs what it calls a Remembrancer at fifteen thousand dollars a year, on purpose to keep himself well-informed, he did not know. Why, bless you, it had been so long since a sovereign died that nobody really believed the Good Queen ever would die, and the Remembrancer never thought of any precedents or traditions beyond those affecting the installation of a Lord Mayor and the annual dinner to the heads of the government. He could not even tell the sheriffs, who were to receive the King's heralds, whether they were to wear mourning upon their heads or their feet, their arms or the points of their swords. When the time for action came, all the City magnates went up to the meeting of the Privy Council and put their names upon the witnessing of the new monarch's accession and would have stayed on to take part in the Privy Council meeting had not some much-titled bigwig insisted that the chamber be cleared of all but members. Even the names of some of the aldermen have thus passed into immortality, though I believe that aldermen have no precedent for signing—but, there! who am I to be setting myself up, as posted when the City Remembrancer has become the City Forgetter?

POPULAR GRIEF AND SOMBRE APPAREL

The order for popular mourning when William IV. died read: "The people are to go into decent mourning." The sub-functionary who was told to look that order up and copy it thought he knew better than to copy what he supposed to be a mistake and so he wrote it "deepest mourning." That slight change and mistake is estimated to have cost the public tens of thousands of pounds, because, as I have said, they adored the Good Queen and they were willing to do whatever they thought was expected of them in the way of showing their respect for her memory. The dressing of the buildings is very paltry and disappointing to any one who remembers, as I do, the swathing of New York in black when Lincoln was assassinated and the far greater mural display at the time of General Grant's death, when, you remember, Broadway was a lane between two tremulous walls of ebon draping touched here and there with white.

The expression of popular grief here is by means of sombre apparel. I left London for Osborne on a Saturday and came back the next Wednesday to find a city of people almost wholly in black, though I had left it a moving scene of bright colors. Only the poorest of the poor had kept their former clothing, and among even these there were crossing sweepers and errand boys who had bound a bit of black cloth about their arms. The shops, all of which now displayed a narrow black board before each window—a blackened plank three or four inches wide—showed nothing but black, if they were shops for the sale of apparel or ornaments of the person. In the windows of the ladies' shopping stores, for instance, all

the silks and cloths were either black or black and white, and it was the same in the men's furnishing shops, while the milliners displayed only jet-black hats and bonnets. My shirts came back from the laundry held together with black studs, men at once began to wear black ties with evening dress and whoever ordered gloves in a shop was shown black gloves. If he asked for tan-colored gloves, the attendant apologized and said that he or she had sold nothing but black since the Queen died. So it has been and so it is to-day. Wherever you dine, in restaurant or home, every one is in deep mourning, while in the streets the slightest bit of color in man's or woman's dress at once attracts your eye as a thing out of the common. I confess I never saw anything like this general, uniform expression of mourning anywhere in my life or travels.

CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY

There is a persistent rumor that the Marquis of Salisbury is to resign his place as Prime Minister, as well as all other connection with the government and public life, partly because he is tired and mainly on account of the fact that he and the King have never been admirers of one another. It is said that Arthur Balfour is to succeed the aged statesman. Whether this rumor is true or not, it is considered so by all the London editors, all of whom have it ready to publish as soon as somebody else publishes it first, which is the English method of dealing with important political or court news. It may be that in knowing this now you are destined to be weeks ahead of the English public just as you were weeks ahead of England in learning of the impending death of the late Queen. There is in this case no danger that the Premier will resign before the newspapers are ready. Unless he should quarrel with the King—which is not at all likely—he must retain his position at the head of the government until the close of this war for which this government made itself responsible.

Mr. Balfour, who is thus talked of as the next Premier of England, may, on that very account, be assumed to be a very important personage; but I assure the reader that important personages in our eyes, if they spring from and are of the people, are not allowed to assume their importance in the presence of royalty even in this enlightened and largely democratic twentieth century. I am thinking of this same Arthur Balfour when I write this. He went to Osborne when the late Queen was dying, to represent the government, which is to say the constitutional and only real power in the kingdom. Do you suppose that he was admitted to the dying Queen's bedside? Not he. He had to stop in a neighboring house, we were told, and was only admitted, as even the correspondents afterward came to be, after the death and when the royalties had taken themselves to their private apartments to hide their grief from or to share it with one another. Never did a humble cottager on the wildest moor of Scotland die in greater seclusion and privacy than did this great Queen, upon whose last sleep a whole world waited with the keenest and most sympathetic interest. She died at home surrounded by her family, and no consideration for the public or the state was allowed to trespass upon the exclusive privacy of that family circle. No gossip of what was going on was allowed to escape those walls and no news except the bare bulletins which you all read at the time was vouchsafed to the waiting world or the sorrowing English—not one word.



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the prologue of the story David Leone, an Italian street musician, is given hospitality by an exiled compatriot living in London under the name of Doctor Roselli. The doctor's infant daughter is present when her father brings little David home. The story proper opens twenty years later, in Rome. Donna Roma's (Doctor Roselli's daughter) beauty, extravagance and influence in politics are the talk of the Eternal City, where the scandal-mongers connect her name with that of a distant relative, Baron Bonanno, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister. On the occasion of a public festivity, which she is attending with the Baron and other friends, Donna Roma has pointed out to her a certain David Rossi, a very popular anarchist member of Parliament. She is carried away by his noble mien and by the eloquence of a speech in which he champions his cause. But when Rossi, in whom she has recognized David Leone, makes an evident allusion to Bonanno and herself, her admiration turns to fury, and she determines upon revenge. Her plan, she tells the Baron, is to have him taken in a serious conspiracy. We next see David Rossi escorted to his lodgings by a number of adherents, who listen to the explanation of his creed and sign the charter of the "Republic of Man." The last signs the name of Charles Minghetti. Having done so, he declares himself the bringer of important news from London, and requests a private interview with the anarchist leader.

IV

DAVID ROSSI took his seat at the desk between the windows, and made a sign to the man to take a chair that stood near. The man was something of a dandy, and as he sat down he pulled up his trousers at the knees, stretched his arms to shoot his cuffs, and threw up his neck to adjust his collar.

"Your name is Charles Minghetti?" said David Rossi.

"Yes. I have come to propose a dangerous enterprise."

"What is it?"

"That somebody on behalf of the people should take the law into his own hands."

The man had spoken with perfect calmness, and after a moment of silence David Rossi replied as calmly:

"I will ask you to explain what you mean."

The man smiled, made a deferential gesture, and answered, "You will permit me to speak plainly?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I have heard your Creed and Charter. I have even signed my name to it. It is beautiful as a theory—most beautiful! And the Republic of Man is beautiful too. It is like one of the associations of the early church, a state within a state, the real government, the real constitution, without authority, without crowns, without armies, yet intended to rule the world by the voluntary allegiance of mankind. Beautiful!"

"Well?"

"But more beautiful than practical, dear sir, and the ideal threat that runs through your plan will break the moment the rough world begins to tug at it."

"I will ask you to be more precise," said David Rossi.

"With pleasure. You have proclaimed a meeting in the

Coliseum to protest against the bread-tax; what if the government prohibits it? Your principle of passive resistance will not permit you to rebel, and without the right of public meeting your association is powerless. Then where are you?"

David Rossi had taken up his paper knife dagger and was drawing lines with the point of it on the letter of introduction which now lay open on the desk. The man saw the impression he had produced, and went on with more vigor.

"One of your people said you would be accused of setting up a new church, but while I listened to you, dear sir, I thought I could hear one of the Fathers of the old faith teaching over again the fatal resignation of Catholicism. He who suffers is stronger than he who fights! Obey the law! Obey the authorities! Be subject to the higher powers! Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's! Tribute to whom tribute is due! Custom to whom custom! Fear to whom fear! That has been the doctrine of the Catholic Church for ages. It was the doctrine of Paul and of somebody else who had the soul of a slave. And what has it brought the Church to? To what it is in Rome to-day—a butterfly whose body has been eaten away by spiders, leaving nothing but the beautiful, useless, powerless wings!"

David Rossi had put down the dagger, and was listening with closed eyes. The man watched the quivering of his eyelids, smiled slightly, and continued:

"If the governments of the world deny you the right of meeting, where are your weapons of warfare? What is the battering-ram with which you are going to make your breach in the world's Porta Pia? On the one side armies on armies of men marshalled and equipped with all the arts and engines of war; on the other side a helpless multitude with their hands in their pockets, or paying a penny a week subscription to the great association that is to overcome by passive suffering the power of the combined treasures of the world!"

David Rossi had risen from his seat, and was walking backward and forward with a step that was long and slow.

"Well, and what do you say we ought to do?" he said.

"Cease to abandon ourselves to the caprices of a tyrant, and assert the rights of man," said the stranger.

"In what way are the people of Rome to assert the rights of man?" said David Rossi.

"The people of Rome—I didn't say that. We know what the Romans are. Patient? Yes—the only virtue of the ass! Peaceful? No doubt—or they would have been suffocated long ago in this police-ridden state. They are like their climate—the Sirocco is in their bones, and they have nerve for nothing. Somebody must act for them. Somebody like you, who has come back to the old world nerved and refreshed by the bracing airs of freedom which blow across the new—one of the great souls who are beacon on the path of humanity . . ."

"Be definite—what are we to do?" said David Rossi.

A flash came from the man's eyes, and he said in a thick voice:

"Remove the one man in Rome whose hand crushes the nation."

"The Prime Minister?"

"Yes."

There was silence.

"You expect me to do that?"

"No! I will do it for you. . . Why not? If violence is wrong it is right to resist violence."

David Rossi returned to his seat at the desk, touched the letter of introduction, and said:

"That is the great act referred to in this letter from London?"

"Yes. Don't think I'm mad, sir. I know what I'm saying. I have thought of this plan and brooded over it, until it has attained a gigantic power over me and become stronger than myself."

David Rossi turned full round on the man.

"Why do you come to me?" he said.

"Because you can help me to accomplish this act. You are a Member of Parliament, and can give me cards to the Camera.

You can show me the way to the President's room in Monte Citorio, and tell me the moment when he is to be found alone."

David Rossi's face was pale, but when he spoke his voice was calm—the calmness of a frozen lake that has a river running underneath.

"I do not deny that the Prime Minister deserves death."

"A thousand deaths, sir, and everybody would hail them with delight."

"I do not deny that his death would be a blessing to the people."

"On the day he dies, sir, the people will live."

"Or that crimes—great crimes—have been the means of bringing about great reforms."

"You are right, sir—but it would be no crime."

"Nor should I say that to take the life of a tyrant is to be guilty of murder."

"Oh, they knew what they were doing when they sent me to you, sir."

David Rossi spoke calmly but with great earnestness.

"The man," he said, "who goes openly into the presence of the oppressor and kills him face to face, then stands to be arrested or to be torn in pieces, takes his trial, pleads guilty, says, 'I did not kill the Baron Bonanno, I killed the Prime Minister, I did not kill the man, I killed the institution, condemn me, hang me, shoot me, bury me alive, entomb me in a cell not much bigger than a coffin, where I shall see no human face, and hear no human voice, I am content, I await the coming revolution'—let the world call him what it will, mad-man, lunatic, fanatic, fool—that man needs some other name than assassin."

The stranger's face flushed up, his eyes seemed to burn, and he leaned over to the desk and took up the dagger.

"See! Give me this! It's exactly what I want. I'll put it in a bouquet of flowers, and pretend to offer them. Only a way to do it, sir! Say the word—may I take it?"

"But the man who assumes such a mission," said David Rossi, "must know himself free from every thought of personal vengeance."

The dagger trembled in the stranger's hand.

"He must be prepared to realize the futility of what he has done—to know that even when he succeeds he only changes the persons, not the things; the actors, not the parts. And when he fails he must be prepared to find that wounded tyranny has no mercy, and threatened despotism has tightened its chains."

The man stood like one who has been stunned, with his mouth partly open, and balancing the dagger on one hand.

"More than that," said David Rossi, "he must be prepared to be told by every true friend of freedom that the man who uses force is not worthy of liberty—that the conflict of intellects alone is human and to fight otherwise is to be on the level of the brute beasts—that we are men, and that the human weapon is the brain, not the claws and the teeth, and that all victories other than the victories of the brain and heart are barbarous and bestial—shed around them what halo you will."

The man threw the dagger back on the desk and laughed.

"I knew you talked like that to the people—statesmen do sometimes—that's all right—it keeps the people quiet—but we know . . ."

David Rossi rose with a sovereign dignity, but he only said:

"Mr. Minghetti, our interview is at an end."

A change had come over the face of the stranger, and the watchful eyes now wore a ferocious expression. But he only flipped a speck of dust off his cuff and said:

"So you dismiss me?"

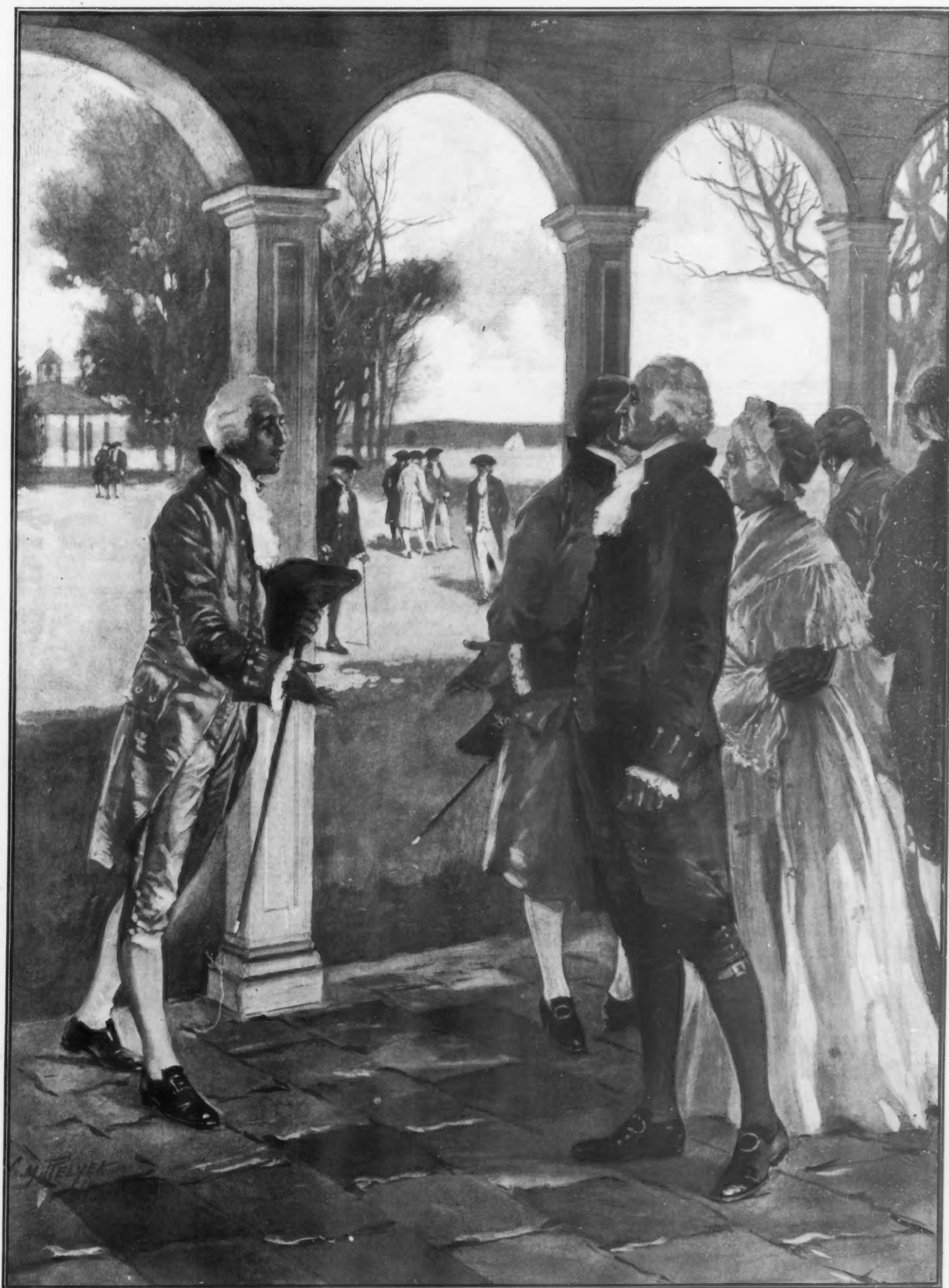
David Rossi bowed in silence. The man gave a furious side-glance and stepped to the door.

"Now that you know what I am, perhaps you will scratch my name off your Creed and Charter, and tell them in London to turn me out of their brotherhood?"

"You turn yourself out, sir. You have nothing in common with the people and have no right to be among them."

The man's profile at the door was frightful.

"It is such men as you," said David Rossi, "who put back



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA

FEBRUARY 22—WASHINGTON RECEIVING HIS FRIENDS AT MOUNT VERNON



FROM the long cares of field and state apart,
Beneath his porch where slow Potomac wends,
With a rare courtliness beyond all art
To-day he greets his friends.

With what unconscious majesty he stands !
Yet mark his freedom, his simplicity !
Never a monarch over mighty lands
Were kinglier than he !



Gentle the eyes that flashed such scathing light
When Monmouth's day seemed clouded with despair :
Smiling the lips through Valley Forge's blight
That raised the nightly prayer.

What laurels are there fit for such a brow ?
What blazoned praise-scroll meet for such a man ?
They hailed him then, and lo, we hail him now—
" Our first American ! "

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



THE ROYAL MOURNERS PASSING THROUGH COWES BEHIND THE COFFIN ON THEIR WAY TO THE "ALBERTA"

THE FUNERAL OF THE



AT WINDSOR—THE ONLY PRINT MADE OF THE FUNERAL CORTEGE AS IT PASSED THROUGH THE STREETS

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

THE ETERNAL CITY

the progress of the world and make it possible for the upholders of authority to describe our efforts as devilish machinations for the destruction of all order, divine and human. Besides that, you speak as one who has not only a perverted political sentiment, but a personal quarrel against an enemy."

The man faced around sharply, came back with a quick step, and said:

"You say I speak as one who has a personal quarrel with the Prime Minister. Perhaps I have! I heard your speech this morning about his mistress, with her livery of scarlet and gold. You meant the woman who is known as Donna Roma Volonna. What if I tell you she is not a Volonna at all, but a girl the Minister picked up in the streets of London, and has palmed off on Rome as the daughter of a noble house, because he is a liar and a cheat?"

David Rossi gave a start, as if an invisible hand had smitten him in the face.

"Her name is Roma, certainly," said the man, with a flash in his eyes. "That was the first thing that helped me to seize the mysterious thread."

David Rossi's face grew pale, and he scarcely breathed. "Oh, I am not talking without proof," said the man, seeing that his words went home. "I was at the embassy in London ten years ago when the Ambassador was consulted by the police authorities about an Italian girl, who had been found at night in Leicester Square. Mother dead, father gone back to Italy—she had been living with some people her father gave her to as a child, but had turned out badly and run away."

David Rossi had fixed his eyes on the stranger with a kind of glassy stare.

"I went with the Ambassador to Bow Street, and saw the girl in the magistrate's office. She pleaded that she had been ill-treated, but we didn't believe her story, and gave her back to her guardians. A month later we heard that she had run away once more and disappeared entirely."

David Rossi was breathing audibly, and shrinking like an old man into his shoulders.

"I never saw that girl again until a week ago, and where do you think I saw her?"

David Rossi swallowed his saliva, and said:

"Where?"

"In Rome. I had trouble at the Embassy, and came back to appeal to the Prime Minister. Everybody said I must reach him through Donna Roma, and one of my relatives took me to her rooms. The moment I set eyes on her I knew who she was. Donna Roma Volonna is the girl Roma Roselli, who was lost in the streets of London."

David Rossi seemed suddenly to grow taller.

"You seconded!" he said, in a voice that was hollow and choked.

The man staggered back and stammered:

"Why . . . what . . ."

"I knew that girl."

"You knew . . ."

"Until she was seven years of age she was my constant companion—she was the same as my sister—and her father was the same as my father—and if you tell me she is the mistress . . . You infamous wretch! You calumniator! You villain! I could confound you with one word, but I won't. Out of my house this moment! And if ever you cross my path again I'll denounce you to the police as a cut-throat and an assassin!"

Stunned and stupefied, the man opened the door and fled.

V

"By the Holy Virgin, little one, I must have a word in that argument," said Bruno in the dining-room, with kindling eyes and clinched fists.

But the next moment the stranger came flying out, and Bruno contented himself with making the sign with the finger to avert the evil eye as the man's pallid face disappeared through the outer door.

"Just one of his white heats," said Bruno, under his breath, with a side-glance at the bedroom. "He'll do something some day."

"Heaven and the saints forbid!" said Bruno's wife, and then David Rossi came out with his long, slow step, looking pale but calm, and tearing up a letter into small pieces, which he threw into the fire.

Little Joseph, who had been busy with his mace, rushed upon Rossi with a shout, and when Rossi rose from stooping over the boy, his face was red and the tones of his voice were natural.

"What was amiss, sir? They could hear you across the street," said Bruno.

"A man whose room was better than his company, that's all."

"What's his name?" said Bruno, consulting the sheet which the company had signed. "Charles Minghetti? Why, that must be the secretary who was suspected of forgery at the Embassy in London, and got dismissed without notice."

"I thought as much!" said David Rossi. "No doubt the man attributed his dismissal to the Prime Minister, and wanted to use me for his private revenge."

"That was his game, was it? Why didn't you let me know, sir? He would have gone downstairs like a falling star. You turned him out, though, and he'll tie that on his finger, at all events. He is as fine as a razor, but he looks as if he carried a small arsenal on his hip. He's stuff to take with a pair of tongs, anyway, and now that I remember, he's the nephew of old Palomba, the Mayor, and I've seen him at Donna Roma's. Charles Minghetti? Of course! That was the name on a letter she gave me to post, in one of her perfumed violet envelopes with her monogram engraved on the front of it."

There was a thumping knock at that moment, and the boy, who had been playing with the buttons of David Rossi's coat, shouted:

"Me! Me!" and, seizing his mace, marched with a strut to the door, and opened it.

A waiter in a white smock, with a large tin box on his head, entered the hall, and behind him came the old woman from the porter's lodge, with the wrinkled face and the red cotton handkerchief.

"Come in," cried Bruno. "I ordered the best dinner in the Trattoria, sir, and thought we might perhaps dine together for once."

"Good," said David Rossi.

"Here it is, a whole basketful of the grace of God, sir! Out with it, Riccardo," and while the women laid the table Bruno took the dishes smoking hot from their temporary oven with its charcoal fire.

"Artichokes—good. Chicken—good again. I must be a fox—I was dreaming of chicken all last night! *Gnocchi*! (potatoes and fried flour). *Agradole*! (sour and sweet). *Fagittola*! (French beans boiled), and—a *fiasco* of Chianti! Who said the son of my mother couldn't order a dinner! All right, Riccardo, come back at Ave Maria."

The waiter went off, and the company sat down to their meal, Bruno and his wife at either end of the table, and David Rossi on the sofa, with the boy on his right, and the cat curled up into his side on the left, while the old woman stood in front, serving the food and removing the plates.

"I'm as hungry as a wolf and as thirsty as a sponge," said Bruno, sticking his knife into the chicken.

"Bruno," said his wife with a warning look, and a glance at Joseph, who, with eyes dubiously closed, was bringing his little hands together.

"Oh! All right, Elena! Go ahead, little one," and while Bruno sat with his fists on the table and knife and fork pointing heavenward, Joseph said six words of grace.

"Good for you, Giuseppe-Mazzini-Garibaldi! Short text, long sermon! We'll take a long drink on the strength of it. Let me fill up your glass, sir. No? Tut! Drink wine and leave water to the mill."

And, while they ate and drank, the little April gales of gossip went flying around the room, with fiftful gleams of sunshine and some passing showers.

"Look at him!" said the old woman, who was deaf, pointing to David Rossi, with his two neighbors. "Now, why doesn't the Blessed Virgin give him a child of his own?"

"She has, mother, and here he is," said David Rossi.

"You'll let her give him a woman first, won't you?" said Bruno.

"Ah! that will never be," said David Rossi.

"What does he say?" said the old woman, with her hand like a shell at her ear.

"He says he won't have any of you," bawled Bruno.

"What an idea! But I've heard men say that before, and they've been married sooner than you could say 'Hail Mary.'"

"It isn't an incident altogether unknown in the history of this planet, is it, mother?" said Bruno.

"The man who doesn't marry must have a poor opinion of women," said the old woman.

"And a poor opinion of the Almighty, too," said Bruno.

"Male and female created He them—at least, I am led to believe so every day of my life."

"Men will be talking," said Elena. "Go on with your dinner, Bruno, and don't raise your voice so."

"There are only two kinds of women, sir—ordinary women and your wife," said Bruno, winking gayly.

"And there are only two kinds of men—sensible men and your husband," said Elena.

"The horse's kick doesn't hurt the mare, you see," said Bruno.

"But women, bless their sweet faces! are the springs of everything in this world—man-springs especially."

"A heart to share your sorrows and joys is something, and the man is not wise who wastes the chance of it," said the old woman. "Does he think parliaments will make up for it when he grows old and wants somebody to comfort him?"

"Hush, mother!" said Elena, but Bruno made mouths at her to let the old woman go on.

"As for me, I'll want somebody of my own about me to close my eyes when the time comes to put the sacred oil on them," said the old woman.

And then David Rossi, with the sweetness of his voice in conversation, said, "I know that a woman's love is the strongest and purest and best in the world except the love of God, yet if I found myself caring too much for any one I should run away."

"That's right, sir. In the war of love he wins who flies," said Bruno.

"If a man has dedicated his life to work for humanity," said David Rossi, "he must give up many things—father, mother, wife, child. He must bid a long farewell to all earthly affections, and be prepared to become, if need be, a homeless wanderer, treading a path which he knows beforehand will be choked with sorrows."

The corner of Elena's apron crept up to the corner of her eye, but the old woman, who thought the subject had changed, laughed and said:

"That's just what I say to Tomasso. 'Tomasso, I say, 'if a man is going to be a policeman he must have no father, or mother, or wife, or child—no, nor bowels neither,' I say. And Tomasso says, 'Francesca,' he says, 'the whole tribe of gentry they call statesmen are just policemen in plain clothes, and I do believe they've only liberated Mr. Rossi as a trap to catch him again when he has done something.'"

"They won't catch you, though, will they, mother?" shouted Bruno.

"That they won't! I'm deaf, praise the saints, and can't hear them."

"Beautiful dispensation of Providence in a witness. Let me examine you, mother. Three questions the police ask a woman to begin with."

"Eh?"

"Three questions," bawled Bruno. "What's your name and your father's name, how old are you, and how many children have you got? Now, let's see how you know your lesson—how old are you, mother?"

"Francesca Maria fu Giuseppe," answered the old woman.

"My mistake, mother—how many children have you got?"

"Sixty-seven, your worship."

"Excellent witness!" said Bruno, and he laughed until he cried.

Another knock came from the staircase.

"Me! Me!" cried the boy, and the mace with its tattered handkerchief went to the door again.

"Who is it this time, Garibaldi-Mazzini-Washington? Oh! Old John again!"

An old man stood on the threshold. He was one of David Rossi's pensioners. Ninety years of age, his children all dead, he lived with his grandchildren, and was one of the poor human rats who stay indoors all day and come out with a lantern

at night to scour the gutters of the city for the refuse of cigars.

"Come another night, John! Don't expect the Villa Borghese, sonny," said Bruno.

But David Rossi would not send him away empty, and he was going off with the sparkling eyes of a boy, when he said: "I heard you in the Piazza this morning, Excellency! Grand! Only sorry for one thing."

"And what was that, sonny?" said Bruno.

"What his Excellency said about Donna Roma. She gave me half a franc only yesterday, sir—stopped the carriage to do it, too!"

"So that's your only reason . . ." began Bruno.

"Good reason, too. Good-night, John!" said David Rossi, and Joseph closed the door.

"Oh, she has her virtues, like every other kind of spider," said Bruno.

"I'm sorry I spoke of her," said David Rossi.

"You needn't be, though. She deserved all she got. I haven't been two years in her studio without knowing what she is."

"It was the man I was thinking of, and if I had remembered that the woman must suffer . . ."

"Tut! She'll have to say her Easter confession a little earlier, that's all."

"If she hadn't laughed when I was speaking—"

"You're on the wrong track now, sir. That wasn't Donna Roma. It was the little Princess Bellini. She's always stretching her neck and screeching like an old gaudy goose. Do Donna Roma justice, she's a better piece than that. Never saw her, sir? Oh, a splendid woman! Stood in the centre of the balcony, sir—women are as fond of sitting up in a balcony as a horse of looking over a gate—and if you had seen her there you would have said she was as sweet to look upon as one of the apples of Eden, but she's just as cunning as the serpent of old Nile."

Dinner was now over, and the boy called for the phonograph. David Rossi went into the sitting-room to fetch it, and Elena went in at the same time to light the fire. She was kneeling with her back to him, blowing on to the wood, when she said in a trembling voice:

"I'm a little sorry myself, sir, if I may say so. I can't believe what they say about the mistress, but even if it's true we don't know her story, do we?"

"Perhaps you're right, Sister," said David Rossi.

When he returned to the dining-room with the phonograph, the dishes had been gathered up, the old grandmother had gone, and Joseph had ranged two lines of chairs from the table to the door, back to back, with a space between them, and various walking-sticks across the top to represent the courtyard to the palace. And dressed in his father's coat, turned inside out to display a gorgeous lining of red flannel, he was navigating the narrow strait with his mace like a three-decker flying all flags, while Bruno, in his short sleeves, was laughing until he shook at the boy's strutting step and whisking tail.

"Laugh too much and you'll get the heartache," cried Elena from the inner room.

"I'm going to be as quiet as oil, mamma," said Bruno, and he lighted a cigar which was as twisted as a corkscrew.

Then the phonograph was turned on, and Joseph marched to the tune of "Swanee River" and the strains of Sousa's Band, while David Rossi leaned on the mantel-piece and thought of a country far away, where a man is a man and the air is free.

"Mr. Rossi," said Bruno, between a puff and a blow.

"Yes?"

"Have you tried the cylinder that came first?"

"Not yet."

"How's that, sir?"

"The man who brought it said the friend who had spoken into it was dead," and then with a shiver through his teeth, "It would be like a voice from the grave—I doubt if I dare hear it."

"Like a ghost speaking to a man, certainly—especially if the friend was a close one."

"He was the closest friend I ever had, Bruno—he was my father."

"Father?"

"Foster father, anyway. For four years he clothed and fed and educated me, and I was the same as his own son."

"Had he no children of his own?"

"One little daughter, no bigger than Joseph when I saw her last—Roma."

"Roma?"

"Yes, her father was a Liberal, and her name was Roma." He had taken from the mantel-piece the sheet with the signatures, and was drawing his pen from his pocket. "How beautiful the child was! Her hair was as black as a raven, and her eyes were like two sloes."

Elena had come back to the room and was standing listening, with her soiled hands by her side.

"What became of her?" she said.

"When her father came to Italy on the errand which ended in his imprisonment, he gave her into the keeping of some Italian friends in London. I was too young to take charge of her then. Besides, I left England shortly afterward and went to America."

"Where is she now?" said Elena, and David Rossi struck out the last name on the list and answered, with his head down:

"When I returned to England . . . she was dead."

"Well, there's nothing new under the sun of Rome—Donna Roma came from London," said Bruno.

David Rossi felt the muscles of his face quiver.

"Her father was an exile in England, too, and when he came back on the errand that ended in Elba, he gave her away to some people who treated her badly—I've heard old Tea-pot, the Countess, say so when she's been nagging her poor niece."

David Rossi breathed painfully and something rose in his throat.

"Strange if it should be the same," said Bruno.

"But Mr. Rossi's Roma is dead," said Elena.

"Ah, of course, certainly! What a fool I am!" said Bruno.

David Rossi had a sense of suffocation, of wanting more space in the world, and he went out on to the lead flat.

VI

THE Ave Maria was ringing from many church towers, and the golden day was going down with the sun behind the dark outline of the dome of St. Peter's, while the blue night was rising over the snow-capped Apennines in a premature twilight with one twinkling star. A shiver seemed to pass through the air with the rising of the evening breeze and the rustling of the fallen leaves, as if the old earth were clattering its teeth.

David Rossi's ears buzzed as with the sound of a mighty wind rushing through trees at a distance. Bruno's last words on top of Charles Minghetti's had struck him like an alarm bell heard through the mists of sleep, and his head was stunned and his eyes were dizzy. He buttoned his coat about him, and walked quickly to and fro on the lead flat by the side of the cage, in which the birds were already bunched up and silent.

The night came on rapidly, and as the darkness fell a scroll of pictures seemed to unfold before his memory, and all of them in the lurid light of calamity. At one moment he was in London, the great city under the wing of the fog. Within the walls of a happy home there was a cheerful fire, a venerable old man, a saintly woman, and an innocent child with violet eyes, who sang all day long as if her little breast was a cage of song-birds. At the next moment he was back in Rome, within the gilded walls of an old palace, with powdered lackeys carrying silver salvers, and the same child grown to be a woman, beautiful, stately, majestic, dressed magnificently and tended like a queen, but surrounded by an atmosphere of shame. Then a shudder ran through his blood, and a voice whispered in his soul, "Better she were dead!" And listening to this voice he told himself she was dead, she must be dead, for God was good, and such a calamity could not be.

Before he was aware of the passing of time, the church bells were tolling the first hour of night—that solemn sound with its single stroke first and last, which falls upon the ear with the chilling reverberation of the swinging bell on a rock in the open sea. The windows of the convent of Trinità dei Monti were lighted up by this time, and there were dim lights, too, in the Passionist Monastery. Brides of Christ and children of the cells, he could see them singing the office for the dead, in their dark church, with one oil lamp burning under the face of the monk who read the prayers, while his fellow monks knelt in the shadows, chanting their responses in voices that echoed as in a tomb. Happy were they in the simplicity of their life, for Fate played no cruel part to turn it into a grim and hideous jest.

"But she is dead," he thought. "God guides our steps to good ends through all their various faterings. He could not have allowed me to do it! She is dead!"

Presently he became aware of flames burning in the Piazza of St. Peter, and of the shadows of giant heads cast up on the walls of the vast basilica. It was the crowd gathering for the last ceremonial of the Pope's Jubilee, and at the sound of a double rocket, which went up as with the crackle of musketry, little Joseph came running on to the roof, followed by his mother and Bruno.

David Rossi took the boy into his arms and tried to dispel the gloom of his own spirits in the child's joy in the illuminations. First came twelve strokes of the great bell, then from the cross on the ball of St. Peter's there burst a tongue of flame, and then the fire ran round the wide curves of the dome, leaped along the parapet of the façade, dropped down the round columns, vaulted over the pediment, and played about the capitals, the cupolas, the clocks, and the statues of the Apostles until the entire edifice was prepped out in tens of thousands of sparkling lamps, and the piazza below and the city behind stood forth in a dazzling white light with deep black shadows. Another rocket went up, and in a moment the white lights turned to golden, and the piazza looked like a cauldron over a fire and the city seemed as if the gates of a vast furnace had been opened on it. Then the lamps began to burn dimly and to go out one by one, and in the broken lines of the great building a fairhand of magic paces appeared to rise up and die down under the supernatural glory of the falling lights, until the ethereal phantoms had faded bit by bit, and the basilica had fallen as it were to ruins and melted away.

"Ever see illuminations before, Uncle David?" said Joseph.

"Once, dear, but that was long ago and far away. I was a boy myself in those days, and there was a little girl with me then who was no bigger than you are now. But it's growing cold, there's frost in the air; besides, it's late, and little boys must go to bed."

"Well, God is God, and the Pope is his prophet," said Bruno when Elena and Joseph had gone indoors. "It was like day! You could see the lightning conductor over the Pope's apartment! Pshaw!" blowing puffs of smoke from his twisted cigar. "Won't keep the lightning off, though."

"Bruno!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Donna Roma's father would be Prince Volonna?"

"Yes, the last prince of the old papal name, when the Volonna estates were confiscated,

the title really lapsed, but old Vampire got the lands."

"Did you ever hear that he bore any other name during the time he was in exile?"

"Sure to, but there was no trial and nothing was known. They all changed their names though."

"Why—what—" said David Rossi in an unsteady voice.

"Why?" said Bruno. "Because they were all condemned in Italy, and the foreign countries were told to turn them out. But what am I talking about? You know all that better than I do, sir. Didn't your old friend go under a false name?"

"Very likely—I don't know," said David Rossi in a voice that testified to jangled nerves.

"Did he never tell you, sir?"

"I can't say that he ever—Certainly the school of revolution has always had marauders enough, and perhaps to prevent treachery—"

"You may say so! The devil has the run of the world, even in England. But I'm surprised your old friend, being like a father to you, didn't tell you—at the end, anyway—"

"Perhaps he intended to—and then perhaps—"

David Rossi put his hand to his brow as if in pain and perplexity, and began again to walk backward and forward.

A screamer in the Piazza below cried "Trib-un-a!" and Bruno said:

"That's early! What's up, I wonder? I'll go down and get a paper."

Darkness had by this time re-invaded the sky, and the stars looked down from their broad dome, clear, sweet, white, and serene, putting to shame by their immortal solemnity the poor little mimes, the pultry puppet-shows of the human jackstraws who had just been worshipping at their self-made shrine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Brief Career of Aunt Fanny



By PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, Author of "Folks From Dixie," Etc., Etc.



SOME PEOPLE grow old gracefully, charmingly. Others, with a bitter reluctance so evident that it detracts from whatever dignity might attach to their advanced period of life. Of this latter class was Aunt Fanny. She had cooked in the Mordaunt kitchen for more years than those hands who even claimed middle-age cared to remember. But any reference to the length of time she had passed there was keenly resented by the old woman. She had been good-looking in her younger days, sprightly, and a wonderful worker, and she held to the belief in her capabilities long after the powers of her youth and middle-age were gone. She was still young when her comrades, Parker, Tempe, Doshi and Mam Henry, had duly renounced their sins, got religion and confessed themselves old. She had danced long beyond the time when all her comrades had grown to the stage of settled and unfrivolous Christianity. Indeed, she had kept up her gaiety until she could find no men old enough to be her partners and the young men began to ignore her; then she went into the Church. But with the cooking, it was different. Even to herself, after years had come and brought their infirmities, she would not admit her feebleness, and she felt that she had never undergone a greater trial or endured a more flagrant insult than when Maria was put into the kitchen to help her with her work. Help her with her work, indeed! Who could help her? In truth, what need had she of assistance? Was she not altogether the most famous cook in the whole country? Was she not able by herself to cope with all the duties that could possibly devolve upon her? Resentment renewed her energy, and she did her work with an angry sprightliness that belied her years. She browbeat Maria and made her duties a sinecure by doing everything just as she had done before her rival's appearance.

It was pretty hard for the younger woman, who also was active and ambitious, and there were frequent clashes between the two, but Aunt Fanny from being an autocrat had gained a consciousness of power, and was almost always victorious in these bouts. "Uh huh!" she said to Tempe, discussing the matter. "Dey ain't gwine to put no upstart black ooman oveh me, aftah all de yehs I's been in dat kitchen. I knows evah brick an' slat in it. It uz built fu' me, an' I ain't gwine let nobody tek it f'om me. No, suh, not ontweld de preachah done tho'wed de ashes on dis hind." "We's all gittin' ol', dough," said Tempe thoughtfully, "an' de young ones got to tek onah place." "Gittin' ol' I gittin' ol'!" Aunt Fanny would exclaim indignantly; "I ain't gittin' ol'. I des' ez spry ez I was w'en I was a gal." And by her work she made an attempt to bear out her statement. It would not do, though; for time has no illusions. Neither is he discreet, and he was telling on Aunt Fanny. The big house, too, had felt for a long time that she was failing, but the old master had hesitated to speak to her, but now he felt that she was going from bad to worse, and that something must be done. It was hard speaking to her, be-

when morning after morning the breakfast was unpar-donably late, the beaten biscuits were burned and the cakes tough, it appeared that the crisis had come. Just at this time, too, Maria made it plain that she was not being given her proper share of responsibility, and Stuart Mordaunt, the old master, went down to remonstrate with Aunt Fanny.

"Now, Fanny," he said, "you know we have never com-plained of your cooking, and you have been serving right here in this kitchen for forty years, haven't you?"

"Yes, I has, Mas' Stua't," said Aunt Fanny, "an' I wish I could go right on fu' forty yehs mo'."

"I wish so too, but age is telling on you just as it is on me"; he put his hand to his white head. "It is no use your working so hard any more."

"I want to work hard," said Aunt Fanny tremulously; "hit's my life."

big and glistening. Mordaunt, always gentle-hearted, gave in. "Well, confound it, Fanny," he broke in, "do as you please; I've nothing more to say. I suppose we'll have to go on eat-ing your burned biscuits and tough batter-cakes as long as you please. That's all I have to say."

But with Maria there was no such easy yielding; for she knew that she had the power of the big house behind her, and in the next bout with Aunt Fanny she held her own and triumphed for the first time. The older woman's anger knew no bounds. She went sullenly to her cabin that night, and she did not rise the next morning when the horn blew. She told those who inquired that she was sick, and "I 'low," she invariably added, "dat I's either got de rheumatiz or dat black wench has conjured me so's to git my kitchen, 'case she knowed dat was de only way to git it."

Now Aunt Fanny well knew that to accuse one of her fel-low-servants of calling in the aid of the black art was to bring

about the damnation of that other servant if the story gained credence, but even she doubted that the plantation could be-lieve anything so horrible of one so generally popular, who, besides, had her own particu-lar following. Among the lat-ter Mam Henry was not wont to be numbered, but she was a woman who loved to see fair-play, and after having visited Aunt Fanny in her cabin, she said in secret to Aunt Tempe: "Fanny she don't look lak no conjured ooman to me, an' I's gwine fin' out whether dey's anything de matter wid huh a-tall, 'case I don't believe dey is. I b'lieve she's des' in one o' huh tantrums, 'case M'ria stood huh down 'bout de kitchen."

Aunt Tempe had answered: "Dey ain't no 'sputin' dat Fanny is gittin' ol' an' doty."

The sick woman or maling-er, whichever she was, did not see the subtle motive which prompted Mam Henry's offer to nurse and doctor her. She looked upon it as an evidence of pure friendship and a tribute to her own worth on the planta-tion. She saw in Mam Henry, a woman older even than her-self, a trusted ally in her revolt against the advances of youth, and she anticipated a sympa-thetic listener into whose ears she might pour her confidences. As to her powers as a curer and a nurse, while Mam Henry was not actually "long-head-ed," she was known to be both "gifted" and "wise," and was

close in the confidence of Dr. Bass, the conjure man, himself. Although Maria went her way about the kitchen, and made the most of her new-found freedom, she heard with grief and consternation, not unmingled with a wholesome fear, the ac-cusations which her old enemy was making against her. She trembled for what the plantation would say and do, and for what her master would think. Some of her misgivings she communicated to Aunt Tempe, who reassured her with the re-ark, "Nevali you min', chile, you des go 'long an' do yo' wo'k, dey's things wo'kin' fu' you in de da'k."

Meanwhile, Mam Henry had duly installed herself in her patient's cabin and entered upon her ministrations. The afflicted arm and leg were covered with greased jimson weed and swathed in bandages.

"Tain't no use doin' dis, Mam Henry," Aunt Fanny pro-tested, "tain't a bit o' use. I's hyeah to tell you dat dis mis'ry I's sufferin' wid ain't no rheumatiz, hit's des plain conju', an' dey ain't nuffin' gwine to do no good but to meet trick wid trick."



"I AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO BANTER WORDS WID YOU, MAM HENRY"

"But you are not able to do it," said Mordaunt forcibly; "you are too old, Fanny."

She turned on him a look eager, keen and argumentative.

"I's mighty sho' you older'n me, Mas' Stua't," she said.

"I know it," he said hastily. "Didn't I just say that age was telling on us both?"

"You ain't quit runnin' de plantation yit," was the calm reply.

The master was staggered for a moment, but he hurriedly rallied: "No, I haven't, but I am a good deal less active than I was twenty, ten, even five years ago. I don't work much, I only direct others—and that's just what I want you to do. Be around, direct others, and teach Maria what you know."

"It ain't in huh," sententiously.

"Put it in her; some one had to teach you."

"No, suh, I was a born cook. Nemmine, I see you want to git rid o' me; nemmine, M'ria kin have de kitchen." The old woman's voice was trembling and tears stood in her eyes,

"You lay low, chile," answered Mam Henry impressively. "I got my own ideas. I's gwine to use all de rheumatiz cools, an' den ef you ain't no bettah, de sign will be sho' ez de wo'd dat you's been ticked. Den we gwine to use othah things."

Aunt Fanny closed her eyes and resigned herself. She could afford to wait, for she had a pretty definite idea herself what the outcome would be.

In the long hours that the old women were together it was quite natural that they should fall into confidences, and it was equally natural that Aunt Fanny should be especially interested in the doings of the kitchen and the big house. Her mistress had brought her some flannels, and good things to eat, and, while she had sympathized with her, she felt that nothing could have been more opportune than this illness that settled the question of the cooking once and forever. In one of their talks, Aunt Fanny asked her nurse what "Ol' Miss 'Liza say 'bout me bein' sick."

"She say she moughty so'y fu' you, but dat 'tain't no mo' den she 'spected anyhow, case de kitchen kin' o' open an' you gittin' too ol' to be 'roun', 'sposin' yo'self to all kin' o' draughts."

"Humph!" sniffed Aunt Fanny from the bed, and she flitted the rheumatic arm around in a way that should have caused her unspeakable pain. She never flinched, however.

"She don't b'lieve you conju'ed," Mam Henry went on. "She say dat's all foo'ishness; she say you des' got de rheumatiz, dat w'en you git up you gotter stay closah to yo' cabin, an' not be flyin' 'roun' whah you tek mo' col'."

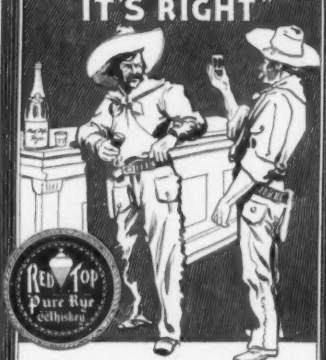
This time the rheumatic leg performed some gyrations unheard of from such a diseased member.

"Mam Henry," said Aunt Fanny solemnly, "ain't it cu'ious how little white folks know 'bout natur'?"

"It sho is. Ol' Mas' he say he gwine 'dah mos' of de ol' servants, an' let 'em res' fu' de balance o' dey days, case dey been faifful, an' he think dey 'serve it. I think so, too. We been wo'kin' all ouah days, an' I know ol' Time done laid his han' heavy on my back. Ain't I right?"

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26)

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Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building . .	24,467,368.62
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other investments (market value over cost, \$15,376,022.00)	162,896,244.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, \$31,933,188.00)	25,371,587.00
Policy Loans	7,372,645.27
Real Estate outside of New York, including 12 office buildings .	13,721,356.50
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	17,718,576.56
Balance due from agents	524,183.14
Interest and Rents. (Due \$107,760.95. Accrued \$489,228.59)	596,989.54
Premiums due and in process of collection	4,101,447.00
Deferred Premiums	2,416,003.00
Total Assets	\$304,598,063.49

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	\$45,319,138.69
Interest, Rents, etc.	12,687,992.29
Income	\$58,007,130.98

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	\$14,860,952.15
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	5,039,038.75
Annuities	668,923.98
Surrender Values	1,915,443.77
Dividends to Policyholders . .	3,481,640.65

Paid Policyholders .	\$25,965,999.30
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	5,604,396.11
All other disbursements . . .	4,692,571.10
Sinking Fund. Reduction of book values of Bonds purchased at a premium	236,160.00
Disbursements	\$36,499,126.51

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor. ALFRED W. MAINE, and Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	\$235,343,493.00
All other Liabilities	3,117,400.48
Total Liabilities . . .	<u>\$238,460,893.48</u>
Surplus	\$66,137,170.01

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	\$1,116,875,047.00
New Assurance	\$207,086,243.00

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is \$235,032,907. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, Actuary. R. G. HANN, Assistant Actuary

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

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THE SUBURBAN RESIDENT

THE ATTITUDE of the town to the suburb is one of unconscious patronage. The man who lives in the city proper surveys with very supercilious pity his friend who daily travels by train, his home being in an outlying village where there is room and to spare, and where building lots are to be had at an inviting figure. "Poor fellow!" commiserates the citizen, as he sways in the trolley car, hustled and jostled and clinging to a strap, while the "poor fellow," speeding across country in a comfortable railway coach, has a seat, and his paper, and agreeable company. Commuters establish friendly relations on the road; they know their conductor, and meet each other twice a day on the footing of an informal club. En route to and from business they discuss politics and gossip on many things. It is a mistake to suppose that women monopolize gossip. Men love it quite as much. Gossip may be kindly and charitable, and need not be malicious and hateful, as every observer is aware. The commuter is really much better off than the town dweller, an insignificant unit in a crowd that is necessarily packing every inch of space in the elevated or surface cars till suffocation is imminent. Fortunate indeed is the man in New York who, during the rush hours, secures a seat between Chatham Square and Harlem in any public conveyance. In the question of comfort en route there is no comparison between that possible to the suburban resident and that attainable by the town dweller. The country cousin is vastly superior here to the city kinsman.

Arrived at the village station on a wintry evening, when the gloaming is punctuated by the cheery household lamps, shining here and there like golden stars through the leafless trees, the man going home has again an advantage in that he returns to a house and not to a fraction of one. His house is detached. It stands by itself with a bit of lawn in front, with a garden at the back, with a terrace or two, and trees and vines and many windows. A veranda runs across the width of the cottage, and within there are visible open fires, and books are in the library, and the table is spread in the dining-room just off the pretty parlor. When the wife comes to the door with her welcoming smile, and the children run, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, to meet their father, the man feels that the fourteen or eighteen or twenty miles between his office and his home are a mere nothing, and the home seems the more sacred and sweet that there is a decided separating wedge of solid distance between it and the place of the daily grind.

The city man goes home, too, and finds home sweet, but he cannot have the atmosphere of complete isolation from business, if he reside in an uptown flat, that he may obtain by stepping on a train at the Grand Central or crossing the river to take one at Jersey City.

When the winds are holding a jubilee, and the white blanket of the snow folds over the fields, when every branch and twig are powdered with silver or coated with ermine, the suburban town is beautiful as a dream and charming as a scene in fairyland. Over the hard white roads the sleighs glide merrily with jingling bells. The young people are acquainted with one another, and there is for them a tranquil and fascinating social life, not so brilliant or so gay as that of the town, but quite as wholesome, a life in which all the neighbors share, either through the country club or by means of frequent gatherings. Edwin tucks Araminta into the sleigh, covers her up with the buffalo robes and the warm lap rugs, and away they go for a turn over the hills, stopping to call at Araminta's Uncle John's, or meeting other Edwin and Araminta at some wayside inn, where there are a dance and a little supper. Country pleasures are simple, but they have a perfume which lasts and diffuses fragrance when years have passed away.

TO THE WOMAN WITH LITERARY AMBITIONS

FAR OFFENER it is a woman than a man who is possessed with a desire to write and to appear in print. For amateur work in this line most men are too busy, and the practical side of a man's nature usually leads him to recognize and submit to his limitations. A woman, of fair natural ability and ordinary education, finding herself in need of money, or envying the success of some author-friend, determines


that she will enter the lists, earn silver and gold to fill an empty purse, and taste the honeyed sweetness of the cup of fame. It would never occur to her to paint pictures, or make bonnets, or sing in concert, or set up an apple and peanut stand, or engage in any art, trade or accomplishment other than literature, without special training; but her unspoken thought is, that anybody may write. In truth, the thing looks easy. You read a clever essay, you are amused by a bright story, you turn the pages of your magazine and observe the different styles of writing therein, and you are impressed with the idea that here is labor which does not deserve the name. A pen, a quire of paper, a few postage stamps, and you, too, may be among the favored ones of earth, on whom editors smile and to whom publishers send checks.

The novice in literary work finds her first stumbling-block, as a rule, in the lack of a subject. "Tell me what to write about," she cries imploringly. "I can write, if only somebody will suggest a topic." But, to the born writer, to the skilled writer, subjects come in throngs; they are so numerous that the difficulty is to choose. A fatal flaw in the armor of the amateur is this demand for the assignment of themes. An equally fatal symptom is a lack of originality. There may be much grace of style, much facility in verbiage, much smoothness of phrasing and deftness of arrangement, yet the thing said may be worthless, the plot commonplace, and the elaborate introduction lead to nothing striking or interesting. Mediocrity has absolutely no chance, in days of strenuous endeavor and fierce competition, and the woman whose writing talent is merely of a second-rate order will never meet with anything except grim disappointment and defeat.

One cannot but feel sorry for the host of women, impecunious, ambitious, resolute and hopeful, who send forth their manuscripts, brain children prettily dressed and tenderly beloved, only to have them return by an early mail, as Noah's dove over the waste world of waters. Sometimes they are accompanied on the home journey by an escort, always resented, a printed form of rejection. However courteously this may be worded, it is never the bearer of so much as a crumb of comfort to the recipient. To be declined with thanks is little solace when the misery lies in being declined at all. Some editors write charming personal notes to aspiring contributors whose wares they cannot purchase. These are a shade more soothing than the other, but they usually serve only to promote a second or a third failure, for the woman with literary ambition clutches at every straw, and tries again, not knowing that the friendly editor has been endeavoring to save her *amour propre* and to convey to her gently the futility of her efforts.

Write, if you must, friends, but not for money's sake alone. That is a legitimate incentive, but the best work must be suggested by a higher motive. A burning desire to say something and an ability to say it with force and clearness are parts of the young writer's equipment which go far to entitling her to a hearing. The ubiquity of the printed page, the opportunity of the book, the newspaper, the leaflet, the magazine, make it practicable for the beginner to attempt an entrance on a profession which is more than crowded, which indeed is thronged until the competition is fierce and ceaseless. Only those who, in addition to an undoubted gift, possess immense pluck and untiring perseverance, and who do not know defeat when it challenges their purpose, may ever expect to succeed.

There are thousands of young and middle-aged women who are struggling to secure a foothold in literature, and who perceive with amazement the constant appearance in the periodicals of work which they think is inferior to their own. These disappointed contributors, who have nothing to show for their honest efforts, beyond a pile of manuscripts and a long postage account, declare very bitterly that there is favoritism in publishing offices, and seek for personal influence, for introductions to editors, and for some external push or pull to bring their work into notice. The fact is, that editors are continually searching for novelties, and the rising light on the horizon is hailed by them with such joy as an astronomer feels when a new planet dawns in the sky. Uncommon talent, especially in the field of the short story or of the serial, never fails of receiving a rapturous welcome. The person of uncommon talent is, however, extraordinary and not met with in



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Let the novice bear in mind that the editor does not conduct a bureau of charity. The private wants and family exigencies of the contributor cannot be considered when judging of the availability of a manuscript. Editorial plans are made well in advance of publication, and cannot be altered except for excellent and pressing reasons. Sometimes there are on hand awaiting publication sketches and stories in a vein similar to those sent by the new contributor. Always the amateur enters directly into competition with the skilled professional, and she must remember that in writing, as in any other branch of art, trade or business, there is a great advantage in having served an apprenticeship. In the long run, the disciplined soldier outmaneuvers and outgrows the most enthusiastic new recruit.

If there is anywhere among my readers a little woman sitting at her desk, or writing, in woman's favorite fashion, with her portfolio on her lap, weaving delicate fancies into dainty verse, suggesting helpful counsels to mothers in the nursery with their brood about them, or telling stories that the world may love by and by to read, let nothing that I have said savor, to her, of discouragement. As the old rhyme puts it, there is wisdom for this dear lady in the homely advice:

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Try, try again."

THE HIGHER FEMINE EDUCATION

IN VIEW of the very general attendance of our girls upon high schools and colleges it is interesting to note the changes which have come to pass in a single century. One hundred years ago, the education of a gentlewoman was considered complete when she could read, write and cipher, to which she might, if her parents chose, add a finishing veneer of several accomplishments. She might paint a little in water-colors, embroider, or advance a little way into French and Italian. The wonderful Mrs. Delaney, in England, made her needle her tool of expression and produced some masterpieces of embroidery. The needle was woman's special weapon indeed. A girl who could not sew was regarded with deep distrust. Girls also learned to cook and to make preserves. But they went to school by favor, and were admitted when there was room, when the boys were otherwise engaged and therefore absent. Miss Edgeworth in one of her stories poked fun at a little blue-stock who wanted to study Latin, and her story was received with approval.

Among the pioneers of learning for women in this country were the Moravians, whose seminary still flourishes in the hills of Pennsylvania at beautiful Bethlehem. It was founded in 1749. Not long since the Alumnae of this institution met for their annual luncheon at the Hotel Savoy, and among their discussions very prominent mention was given to the endowment fund they are now raising for their Alma Mater. Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Miss Grant, and their contemporaries and immediate successors, laid broad and deep the foundations for our women's colleges of to-day.

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THE TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK,
President U. S. C. E.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY in the history of the Christian Endeavor societies has just been held in the city of Portland, Me., the birthplace of the movement. Twenty years ago, on the 2d of February, the first (Young People's) Society of Christian Endeavor was formed. A service was formulated by different committees, called then, as they are called to-day, the "Look-out," "Prayer-Meeting" and "Social" committees. Another society was formed at Newburyport.

There was little hope or expectation that these humble and inconspicuous organizations would contribute largely to the solution of the problems of the church. It was simply a modest experiment. One denomination after another, however, adopted the same plan of Christian nurture. A literature sprang up about the movement commending and explaining it. Papers, secular and religious, published articles concerning it. Other nationalities heard of it. The society took root in Great Britain and Australia, in China and India, in Japan and the Sandwich Islands—wherever the American missionaries have gone. A little later it was taken up on the Continent of Europe, and Germany and France and Switzerland, and even Spain, have now their vigorous and enthusiastic Christian Endeavor contingents. In a recent journey round the world, extending to nearly a score of foreign countries, I have not found one where there were not Christian Endeavor societies, and in most of them a well-organized central organization for distributing information and developing the work.

First of all, the society exists in the local church. It occupies precisely the same relation to the church as the Sunday-school, and is altogether under the guidance and direction of the church. It brings the young people of every nationality together with common aims and purposes, and that strongest of all bonds, earnest religious enthusiasm. The convention last summer in London of the world's Christian Endeavor societies called together no less than sixty thousand young men and women, and was declared by the London papers to be the largest religious convention held in the history of Christendom. Similar meetings on a smaller scale were held in France and Switzerland and Germany and Spain. The annual conventions in this country are well known, and exert a powerful influence for religion and for good morals. There have been connected with the movement no less than ten millions of members. Many of them have graduated into other forms of church activity, but the latest statistics show that there are at the present time almost four millions of Christian Endeavorers throughout the world, that they are found in nearly sixty-one thousand societies, and that there is an annual net increase of more than two thousand societies.

This great cosmopolitan organization celebrated its twentieth anniversary in Portland on the 2d of February. For three days meetings of rejoicing and reminiscence were held, but after all the jubilation and the memories of the past were but small features of the gathering. Plans for larger advance in the future were laid, stirring addresses, arousing the young people of the country to a better citizenship, to a larger interest in the enterprise of missions, to a greater sense of their brotherhood, and of their responsibility to minister to the woes of mankind, were delivered by such orators as Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia, President John Henry Barrows of Oberlin, Rev. David James Burrill of New York, Rev. William Patterson of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, Rev. W. F. Wilson of Canada, and others no less known. Perhaps the most interesting day of all was the one which marked the exact anniversary of the movement when the services were held in the church which gave birth to the first society, the Williston Congregational Church. On the tower of this church a beautiful bronze tablet had been erected by the contributions of Endeavorers in all parts of the world—Australia, England, India and China, as well as the countries of Continental Europe, sending their contributions. This most artistic memorial was unveiled in the early afternoon and a prayer offered by Dr. Wayland Hoyt. C. E. Societies in Nevada and Oklahoma, in Indian Territory and Texas, as well as a multitude nearer home, sent their loving greetings. The Christian Endeavor Union of the Hawaiian Islands cabled their blessing, the Endeavorers of France sent from Paris the message "Admiring love from a very tiny sister," the secretary of the British Union sent "Britain greets you," and Germany's Endeavorers cabled "Advance, Endeavorers for Christ."

Like messages of cheer and inspiration came from Spain, Australia, India, Japan, China, from the Liverpool Christian Endeavor Union, and from many individuals the world over.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP



REID, HARVARD

WITH THE SPRING approaching, baseball interest begins to quicken in the colleges. Already those institutions located toward the South are looking out hopefully for an opportunity to get into the field, while the New England institutions are groaning at the continuance of snow and cold weather. It will not be long before the Easter trips are at hand, and one can get the first opportunity of seeing the real playing strength of the various organizations.

The University of Pennsylvania is working hard toward the development of an exceptional nine this year. Irwin has predicted great things for their pitching talent, and the material is far above second-class. At present the most defined interest in Eastern baseball, however, centres in the prospects of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. At Cambridge, practically no losses are suffered through graduation, Laughlin being the only member of the nine who finished last year. Furthermore, for the pitcher's box, there are two more men than were eligible last season. These are Clarkson, the brother of John Clarkson, who did such excellent work for the freshman nine last year, and who is undoubtedly one of the strongest amateur pitchers in the country, and Coburn of 1902, also a man of good speed, but withal not as reliable as Clarkson. Of the regular varsity men of last year for this position there are Stillman, Kerman and McDonald. Hence it will be seen that there has seldom

been a nine starting in the season with such excellent prospects of pitching talent as has Harvard this year. Behind the bat, Captain Reid will do most of the catching, with Milne and Clark to help out. Kendall will probably play first again, with Fincke second, Clark at third, Coolidge at short; Devens, Wendell and George will fill the field, with plenty of substitute material.

Yale has suffered much more severely by graduation, losing Camp, captain and short stop; Sullivan, catcher; not unlikely Bronson, third; and Lyon, centre, as well as Quinby, second baseman. The men who remain are Robertson, Garvin and Cook, pitchers; Hirsch, catcher; Sharpe, first; Waddell, Guernsey, Brown, infielders; Barnwell, Blount and Ward, in the outfield. It is a nine which will require a large amount of hard work, and can only hope for a good showing through perfecting the batting talent.

Princeton loses as heavily as Yale through graduation, Hillebrand the pitcher, Kafer the catcher, Watkins, centre, and Burke, right field, graduating. The men who remain of last year's nine are Pearson, Chapman, Steinwender, Hutchinson and Meier, infield men; Paulmier, outfield; with Scott and Green for a battery. Scott is a good man in the box, and Green played behind the bat in the Harvard game last year and did well. Princeton's infield should be decidedly strong. Of the three, Harvard has by far the best prospects, especially in her batteries.

Yale met Brown at the St. Nicholas Rink for the first time this season and, in spite of being the favorites, were beaten one goal to nothing. Brown brought down a heavy team, and were successful in breaking up the team play of the New Haven men, although Slocum was finally suspended for a time for rough play. It is only right to give a large amount of credit to Chase, Brown's goal-keeper, for his excellent work in stopping some very active shooting by the Yale team. The single goal which was made by Brown, and which, as the match turned out, decided the contest, was made after play had been going about a quarter of an hour. Payne carried the puck well down and took a shot at the Yale goal; the puck hit the post and bounded back, but Phillips, another Brown forward, was close at hand and took another shot, this time scoring.

At the Clermont Avenue Rink on the same night the St. Nicholas Skating Club defeated the Brooklyn Skating Club five goals to one. The St. Nicholas men played one of their best games, Barron coming out for the first time this season after a long illness. His play was well up to his old standard, and at times he made the crowd rise and applaud. There was less rough work than there has been in some of the other matches, and McKenzie protected the Brooklyn goal in good style.

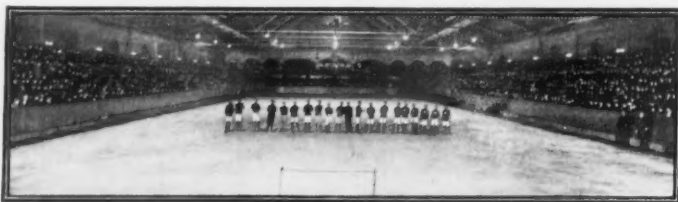
The most interesting intercollegiate hockey match of the year was played at the St. Nicholas Rink between Harvard and Yale, the former winning by four goals to nothing. Last year Yale won by a single goal, and as Yale had been doing some good playing this year up to the time of her match with Brown, it was confidently expected that this contest would prove very exciting. Much to the surprise, therefore, of many of the spectators, and especially of the Yale partisans, the Blues' defence seemed to be unexpectedly weak, and after five minutes of hard play Harvard forced the fighting, and Winsor, Goodridge and Rumsey scored three goals in quick succession for Harvard.

Before the end of the first half Rumsey had scored the fourth goal for the Crimson. In the second half neither side scored, Harvard evidently being content to rest more on the defensive, and although the play became exciting and a bit rough toward the end, Yale was unable to get the puck through the Harvard goal, and the game stopped with a score of 4-0 in favor of the visitors from Cambridge. Harvard's team play was excellent, and her work, especially in the first half, dashing and accurate.

There was much discussion at the annual meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association over two points in the playing rules. The one of the most importance was that governing the foot fault, or the position of the man in serving the ball. It was finally decided to appoint a committee to confer with an English committee for the purpose of reaching an agreement upon this rule so that it might be similarly adopted next year, both here and on foreign courts.

The second rule was that regarding resting in the progress of the match, and hereafter all playing except the best three in five set matches will be performed without a rest, and in five set matches only one rest will be allowed, that to be of seven minutes, and occurring after the third set.

WALTER CAMP.



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CORDED POODLE

EXHIBITION OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB

BY FAR the most important exhibition of dogs given in this country is the annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club. The list of entries for the Madison Square Garden show, set for February 19-22, was an exceptional one. This is the list of the special prizes:

St. Bernards, best dog or bitch, San's Point Challenge cup, presented by a friend.

Best setter, Palladium cup, presented by Sidney Dillon Ripley.

Best cocker spaniel, Hickory Valley cup, presented by H. B. Duryea.

Bulldogs, best American-bred dog or bitch, Challenge cup, presented by a member of the Bulldog Club.

Best French bulldog, Cleo de Mérode cup, presented by Mrs. Jules Vatable.

Best poodle, Meadowmere cup, presented by H. G. Trevor.

Best Boston terrier, Terence Mulvaney cup, presented by Miss H. A. Seccomb.

Best smooth fox terrier, Blemion cup, presented by August Belmont.

Best wire-haired fox terrier, Cairnsmuir cup, presented by G. M. Carnochan.

Best dachshund, Meadowbrook cup, presented by T. A. Havemeyer.

Best team of Irish terriers, Meadows cup, presented by Mrs. J. L. Kernochan.

Best Pomeranian, Suffolk cup, presented by Perry Belmont.

Best bull terrier under fourteen pounds, Seaview cup, presented by Mrs. J. L. Kernochan.

Best beagle, Hempstead cup, presented by Mrs. J. L. Kernochan.

Best wire-haired fox terrier, Hill Hurst cup, presented by H. H. Hunnewell.

Best field spaniel, Vancroft cup, presented by a member.

Best Airedale, challenge cup, presented by Foxhall P. Keene.

Best smooth fox terrier, Warren cup, presented by L. and W. Rutherford.

C. H. Mackey offered a trophy for the best dog or bitch exhibited by a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

The trophy to remain the property of the L. K. A. and each winner to receive a cup.

Mrs. Heyward Brown offered cups for the best Ruby spaniels and toy spaniels.

Mrs. E. S. Ames presented a piece of silver plate for the best American-bred Pomeranian, dam to be bred in this country, donor not to compete.

Mrs. D. W. Evans donated a cup for the best field spaniel owned by a member, to be competed for only at Westminster Kennel Club shows.

The Ladies' Kennel Association of Massachusetts offered a cup for the best dog or bitch owned by a member that has not won an association cup.

The Canadian Kennel Club offered bronze medals for collies, fox terriers and cocker spaniels. Regular classes were also opened for King Charles spaniels, Chesapeake Bay retrievers, and griffons.

The list of the judges is as follows:

St. Bernards, mastiffs, bloodhounds and deerhounds, Arthur Trickett, Kansas City; Great Danes, J. Blackburn Miller, Newburgh; Russian wolfhounds, Edward L. Kraus, Slatington, Penn.; greyhounds, Dalmatians, bull terriers, Airedale, Skye and Bedlington terriers, T. S. Bellin, Minneapolis, Minn.; foxhounds, sporting spaniels and collies, Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Penn.; pointers, George Jarvis, New York; setters, W. S. Bell, Pittsburg; old English sheepdogs, Bassethounds, black-and-tan terriers, Yorkshire and toy terriers, pugs, Pomeranians, toy spaniels and miscellaneous classes, R. F. Mayhew, Clifton, Staten Island; poodles, H. G. Trevor, Southampton, Long Island; bulldogs, L. C. Beadleston, New York; Boston terriers, J. F. Holt, Faneuil, Mass.; French bulldogs, John R. Buchan, New York; beagles, A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass.; dachshunds, Joseph Graefle, New York; fox terriers, G. M. Carnochan, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Irish terriers, O. W. Donner, Rye, N. Y.; Scottish terriers, J. Steele Mackenzie, North Bend, O.; Welsh terriers, J. W. Mitchell, New York.



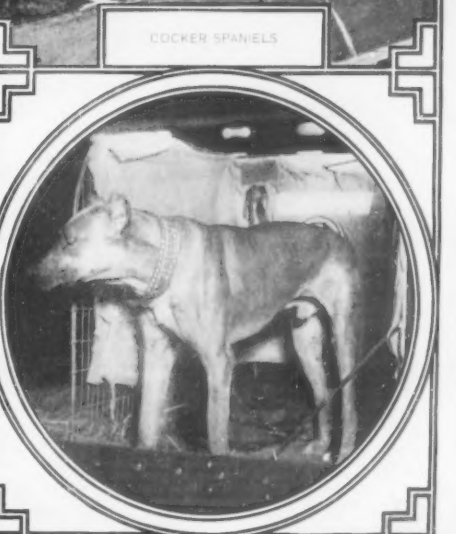
BULL TERRIER



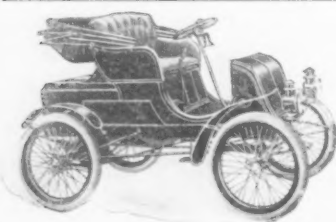
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THE BRIEF CURE OF AUNT FANNY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19)

"Humph!" from the bed. "Some people
ages quicker'n othahs."

"Dat's de Gospel. Now wid you an' me
an' Tempe an' Paikah an' Doshy, dey ain't
been nuffin quick 'bout lit, 'case I tell you,
Fanny, chile, we's been hyeah to dese many
days."

"How M'ria git elong?" Aunt Fanny asked
uneasily.

"Oh, M'ria she des' tickled to deaf. She
flyin' 'roun' same ez a chicken wid his laid
wring off. She so proud o' hulse'f dat she
des cain't res', she cain't do enough. She
scourin' an' she cleatin' an' she cookin' all de
time, an' w'en she ain't cookin' she plannin'
what she gwine to cook. I hyeah ol' mas'
say dat she sholy was moughty peart, an' I
low hah battah-cakes was some'n' scrump-
tious. Mas' Stua't et a mess; he 'low dat
ef M'ria keep on mekin' such cakes as she
mek in de mornin', de m'lasses bar'l ain't
gwine hol' out no time."

Aunt Fanny looked nervously toward her
brothers in the corner. The camel's back was
being pretty heavily laden, and a faint smile
flickered over Mam Henry's shrewd face.

"You des' ought to see de ails M'ria teks
on hulse'f. She allus struttin' 'erroun' wid a
w'ite apern on soon's hah w'ok's done, an'
she calls hulse'f de big house cook."

This was the last straw. The camel's back
went with a figurative crash. The covers were
thrown back, and Aunt Fanny sprang up and
seated herself on the side of the bed.

"Han' me my shoes," she said.

"W'y, Fanny, fo' de Lawd!" cried Mam
Henry in well-feigned surprise. "What you
gwine do?"

"I's gwine git up f'om hyeah, dat's what
I'm gwine do. Han' me my shoes."

"But yo' rheumatiz, yo' rheumatiz?"

"I ain't got no rheumatiz. You done cuohed
me," she said, slipping into her dress as she
spoke.

"But you ain't gin me de chanst to try all
de cuohs yit; s'posed you tu's out to be
conju'd aftah all."

"Ain't ol' miss done say hit all foo'ishness?"

"But you done say de w'ite folks don't
know nuffin 'bout natur."

"I ain't got no time to battah w'od's wid
you, Mam Henry. I got to go to my w'ok. I
ain't gwine let my kitchen be all messed up
an' my w'ite folks' appetites plum spoiled by
dat know-nuffin wench."

And Aunt Fanny
walking with an ease that bore out her state-
ment that she was cured, swept out of the
house with scant courtesy to her nurse, who
remained behind, shaking with laughter.

"I said so, I said so," she said to herself.

"I knowed dey wa'n't nuffin de mattah wid
Fanny but de tantrums."

Maria was a good deal surprised and not
at all pleased when, a little later, her old rival
appeared upon the scene and began to take
charge of things in the old way.

"W'y, Aunt Fanny," she said, "I t'ought
you was sick?"

"You don't s'pose I's gwine to stay sick
all de time, do you?" was the short response.

"I wants you to know I's cuohed."

Then Maria bridled. Her unlimited au-
thority in the last few days had put added
spirit into her.

"Look a-hyeh, Aunt Fanny," she said, "I
sees thoo you now. You des' been sick 'case
you couldn't have yo' own way, an' you
wanted to mek b'lieve I conju'd you so de
folks would drive me out, didn't you? But
sick er no sick, conju' er no conju', cuohed
er no cuohed, dis is my kitchen, an' I ain't
gwine gin it up to no ooman."

Later on the services of the master had
to be called in again, and he also began to
understand.

"Well, it's this way, Fanny," he said:
"you might be cured now, but if you stay
around here you are likely to be taken down
again. You are apt to become subject to
these attacks, so you had better go back to
your cabin and stay around there. Maria is
going to take charge of the kitchen now, and
when we need you, you can come up and cook
something special for your old Miss and me."

The old woman would have protested, but
there was a firm ring in her master's voice
which was not to be mistaken, and she went
tearfully back to her cabin, where, though so
suddenly "cuohed," she was immediately
taken ill again, more seriously, if possible,
than before.

THE END

TO CONTRIBUTORS

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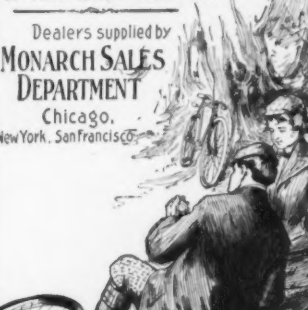
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THE LATE KING MILAN OF SERBIA

MILAN, ex-King of Serbia, died at Vienna on the morning of February 11. His illness had begun with influenza, and Serbia's ex-ruler, leaving his bed of sickness too soon, returned to it with a virulent attack of pneumonia. But it seems that his robust constitution was battling successfully against this complaint when another enemy, which had for a long time affected the health of the ex-King, wrought his ultimate destruction. Fatty degeneration of the heart was the fundamental cause of his death.

The ex-King was the fourth sovereign of the Serbian dynasty, established in 1829, when the courageous little country of two million souls threw off the Ottoman yoke and became a virtually independent state. The founder of the dynasty was Milos Todorovic Obrenovic. Before becoming a prince he was a dealer in cattle. His royal consort was also a person of most unregal antecedents.

The lately deceased monarch was born at Jassy, August 22, 1854. His education, at the Lycee Louis-le-Grand at Paris, was in progress when news came of the assassination of the reigning Prince of Serbia, Michael Obrenovic his uncle. This happened in 1868, so that although Milan I. nominally ascended the throne at once, a regency was necessary because of his youthfulness. In 1872 he was properly installed as sovereign at a religious ceremony in the cathedral of his capital, Belgrade. In 1875 Milan I. took to wife Natalie Keschko, the daughter of a Russian colonel. Meanwhile Turkey had again been tampering with the integrity of Serbia as a free country, and in alliance with tiny Montenegro the Servians made war upon their powerful neighbor. They came off very badly, and might



EX-KING MILAN

have been absorbed into the Ottoman Empire had not the Sublime Porte antagonized the Czar of Russia, who sent a great host toward Constantinople. The names of Totleben and Skobelev, the distinguished Russian generals, of Osman Pasha, the "Lion of Plevna," and of Gortschakow, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire, still have a familiar sound.

By the conference of Berlin, in which all the powers took part, and where the astute Disraeli—with Lord Salisbury as his lieutenant in the international battle of diplomacy—secured for England the possession of Cyprus in exchange for nothing, Serbia was proclaimed a kingdom entirely free from vassalage to any country whatsoever.

But King Milan had acquired bad habits at the French metropolis. Even at the age of fourteen, when he returned to Belgrade, he had considerable debts to show for his school days. He led a life of open profligacy. His many flagrant delinquencies at last made his conduct a by-word throughout the kingdom and Queen Natalie a most unhappy woman. Milan arbitrarily divorced her in 1888, and then, when she protested, banished her. The general dissatisfaction arising from these scandalous proceedings ended in Milan's abdication in favor of his son, who now occupies the throne of Serbia as Alexander I.

The ex-King went back to live in Paris, where he gained fame as a gambler and *mauvais sujet*. He was expelled from the Jockey Club. Later on a reconciliation was effected with Natalie, and Milan returned to Belgrade, with his bad habits and worse principles, and assumed the post of commander-in-chief of the Serbian army. Certain of his subjects made several separate attempts upon his worthless life, which ended after a duration of forty-seven years. He is reported to have said to his physician on his deathbed: "I feel that I must die, but it is very sad to be compelled to die at forty-seven."

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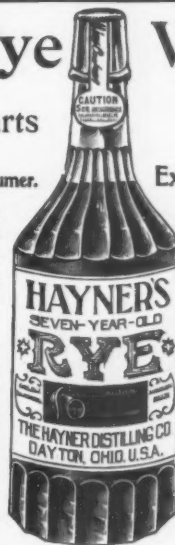
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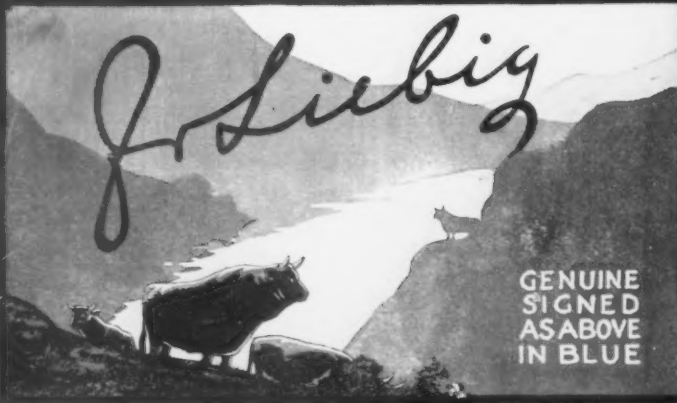
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